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## RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

### THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

By Chateaubriand.

How is it possible to conceive that a woman can be an atheist? What shall prop this reed, if religion doth not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature, even on the eve of death, or the loss of her charms: who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman should be pious. Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother, and to charms of this kind philosophy is a mortal foe.

Shall woman, who never takes delight in concealment—who never discloses more than half of her graces and of her thoughts—whom heaven formed for virtue and the mysterious sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity? Whom doth she think to please by this effort, alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her petty and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of Spianosa, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius? Without doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches—Time arrives, leading Age by the hand. The spectre, with icy hair and silver hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who shall now hear her voice? Her husband? She has none: long, very long has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonor. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste; her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret! When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God, but it is too late; the mind, hardened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

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The heart in its own place, and in itself
Can make a hell of heaven—a heaven of hell
*Young.*

'Twas Spring. The warm earth was clad in the robes of freshness. Every feature glowed with the tints of living beauty. Joy was in every line—grace in every motion—music in every note.

Soon the heavens were changed. Deep dark clouds gathered in the sky, and looked down in wrath. Yet earth was not moved. Deeper loveliness settled upon her countenance, as she smiled at the boasted winds. The lightnings flashed—to her, were they the light of hope. Thunders rolled—to her, they were the richest bass of eternity—the sweetest music of nature. The elements above, then groaned in their mighty pains—yet earth was no longer to be anguished. Her hour of inward peace had come. The heavens over her wept—but she the more rejoiced. It was a joy of her own quiet and rest.

'Twas Winter. The freshness of spring had faded—and its beauty lay buried in the grave of her flowers. The joy of autumn had been stolen—and the tongue of her music chilled in death. Earth then mourned. Her badge was the dark robe of winter—her sorrow, the sorrow of the cheerless grave. She wept, and the tear stiffened on the cheek of her sadness. So chilling was her anguish.

Then glowed the heavens in brightness, and the pure stars gleamed from their constant thrones. They would steal from earth her weeds of mourning. Yet she clung to them still. Then arose the full orbed moon. Slowly she came up, in her silent robes. Queen of night—she met the homage of worlds. They gathered their strength at her feet. They gave her bright beams of their glory, and rejoiced in their service. Yet earth smiled not. She still wore the countenance of grief. It was the grief of her own wasting. Her anguish was that of her own chilled spirit. The frost of nature had fallen upon her—and herself felt the touch. When all above wore the mantle of joy, hers was that of sorrow. A faint beam of hope seemed to kindle upon the countenance of her grief—but it lighted not up, with the rapture of other days. The wounds which her frosts had sent to her bleeding heart, were not healed. Her ear loved not the sigh of sympathy. It was closed against it. Her eye delighted not in visions of heavenly beauty. Chill sorrow had sealed it. Her heart rejoiced not at the peace of all around. It was wrung by its own pains.

Thus it is with man. Sanctified within—all around may assume the aspect of terror and sadness—but his heart still glows in love that earth cannot interpret.

Unholy, and in conflict with self—all around may wear the beautiful garments of peace and gladness—but his eye cannot discern the beauty, his heart cannot sympathize with such pure joy.

EUSTA.

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### YANKEE PSALM SINGERS.

Our New-England brethren are famous for their cultivation of sacred music, and it forms with them almost a passion, which may be traced to their deep-rooted attachment to the pslams or rather hymns, which have been handed down to them as a precious legacy from their Puritan fathers. The followers of Cotton Mather doated on the simple and not unmelodious strains which they brought with them from the conventicles at home. And if there is any portion of our population who may be said to possess a native taste for music, it is that of New England for the kind in question. They acquire it from their cradle, and it is one of the most agreeable resources, roam where they may over the earth, to rehearse in some distant land the solemn dirge of Old Hundred, or some other well known hymn, which recalls the dear rememberance of early days, their school-boy hours, the village church, and a thousand other cherished thoughts of home and kindred. We remember to have been forcibly struck with the excellent moral influence of this part of a New-England man's education, in a dreadful storm which we were once a witness to at sea. Our bark was but a tiny shallop of a hundred tons, and seemed to toss on the mountain wave like a feather, that was every moment doomed to be submerged under the angry element. The wind whistled and howled tremendously, and the gale continued for three livelong days and nights, threatening every moment to engulf us in destruction. When in this imminent peril, and scarcely with a hope of ever returning more to land, the helm was lashed down, the vessel was placed by her captain with her head lying to, and thus left to her fate. As there was no more to be done, he and the crew retired to their quarters below, and resigned themselves calmly to the destiny that might await them. But we shall never forget the lesson which we read in the example of their conduct at this trying hour. Instead of abandoning themselves to a reckless indugence in liquor, as is too often the usage on such occasions, they began to chime together in harmonious concord, each sustaining his part, the beautiful New-England hymns which they had so well conned in their boyhood, and the music of which blended with the loud roar of the tempest, the pelting of the rain, and the alternate bolts of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning, produced a combination of sublime emotion in the soul which almost disarmed the scene of its terrors by the balm of religious consolation which it seemed to impart to the feelings, like a gleam of sunshine breaking through the pitchy darkness of a wild chaos which hung over us.

*Presbyterian.*

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### THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

[From the Monthly Miscellany.]

These afflictions of which I speak, teach us also to put our trust in God. They encourage the growth of that noble principle, parent of virtues—Faith. The good man cannot but *believe*, that He, who has so blessed him in time past, has intended the mournful event also for his good. Indeed he is enabled now to realize how much he has been blessed. The severity of the loss, is a *guage* that measures the value of the possession. And, therefore, even by the very depth of our groans, ought we to measure the depth of that gratitude we owe to God.

But how mighty is the principle of Faith in its positive action! With how strong, though subdued exultation does it bless the good man's soul? The spirit that has flown away from his arms seems to have borne him with it into the Presence above. All narrow conceptions of present, private good are swept away. To his steadfast, upward gaze, the heavens seem rent. Earth fades from his eye. He has a view of the Universe, he has the vision of God. In beholding the largeness and elevation that has been given to his mind, who will not exclaim that God has afflicted him for his profit, that he might be partaker of His own Holiness. Moreover, these mortal sorrows sanctify our earthly affections. They spiritualize the bonds of mortal friendship and love. Have we considered how much of the tenderness even of the present affection comes from our mutual exposure to pain, disease, and death. Is not the rose handled the more delicately, and prized the more highly, because its hues must soon fade? And oh! is not friendship's every movement softened, and every caress made tender, because all the days of our appointed time we wait till our change come! Who has not some sympathy with the sentiment of Plotinus, who thanked God his soul was not tied to an immortal body!

Could we live on in the Paradise-state, eating and drinking, and enjoying all things pleasant to the eye, feeling no want which should not be relieved in an instant, as by a gift dropping out of the sky; never suffering bodily pain, never seeing the faces of those we love darkened by sorrow—how weak, and low, and sensual, would our life soon become! It is want, it is pain, it is sorrow, that are necessary to bring forth the energies of the intellect, and build up the virtues of the heart. What mental development could there be, when every thing should be offered in the best possible form to our hands! What depth and tenderness, what activity and strength, could there be in social affection, when the objects of this affection should feel the pressure of no necessity, should be exposed to the assault of no peril, should languish in the feebleness of no disease, and exempt from all danger of mortal dissolution. Oh,—how cold would Friendship soon become! And, may we not ask, how soon would the lovely garden of pleasure be laid waste, by the fires of malignant passion! Let us thank God, then, for pain and trial, for sickness and death. Let us look upon pain, and trial, and sickness, and death, as the pledges of a nobler immortality than earth can give. It was necessary even for the Captain of our salvation in bringing many sons to glory, that he should himself be made perfect through suffering. And let us not believe that God, in the beginning meant nothing better for all his children, than the garden of Eden, nor that he means nothing better for them now, than that heaven of physical delight, of pearls and jewels and golden crowns, with which so many please their fancy.

Let us look upon all such language as but symbolizing the blessedness awaiting that spirit, which through pain and trial, shall have fed itself from the dominion of sense and mere earthly affection, and put forth in energy and joy, its own immortal powers.

In the Book of Revelation the Apostle, describing a vision of Heaven, says:—

'And I heard a voice from Heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps; and they sang as it were a new song, before the Throne and before the four beasts and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty-four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.'

And why could none of the other inhabitants of Heaven learn that song. Was it to be a song of new and strange invention, altogether unconnected with the familiar melodies of the upper Temple, and therefore unknown to the elder worshippers in its Holy Courts. Long as they had sung the praises of their Creator, and in howsoever varied strains, there might doubtless fall upon their ears new songs in the celebration of His glory and goodness, who is ever new in signs of strength and wonders of mercy. *But how* could there be a song which they should not have even the power of learning? A song which the 'hundred and forty-thousand redeemed from the earth' would fully appreciate and unite in, but so pecullar that those angels who served God day and night in His Temple, even before the morning stars sang together over the completed creation of this lower world, could not join their voices to the celestial harmony, but only drink in its strains of rapture?—Doubtless the reason is to be found in the peculiar experience through which this select heavenly Choir should have passed while in the flesh. Yes!—from the memory of earthly pains and sorrows must be derived those exquisite tones pouring from their lips and sounding forth from their harps. Well might it be said that none even of the Angelic Host could join in the full spirit of their song!

The scenes through which we are even now passing on the earth may tell us something of the singular richness of this predicted melody. When from the lonely desert, or the wide waste of waters the long-absent traveller comes once more into the bosom of his family, the hymn of plaintive gladness lifted from his dwelling may give foretaste of that which the saints shall sing in glory. Yet still, how faint its sweetness compared with that of the song, whose echoes shall be heard when a Christian joins the kindred who have, from time to time, been gathered into the mansions of the great Father's House! Let us then, bear with a holy patience the pains and griefs which here afflict us. A most abundant and most fitting reward shall we gain when we join the choral company, and sing the song of those 'redeemed from the earth.' Let us not too sorely grieve for those now lost to the sight of these mortal eyes and the hearing of these fleshly ears,—but even become glad in the hope of seeing them clothed in their celestial bodies, and listening to voices unspoiled of any of earth's tones of sympathy and love, though strengthened into the richness of the heavenly melody. Soon will the veil drop. The mourning Rachel will gain that comfort, which earth denies, and receive the afflictions of time ripened into the harvest of eternal joy—

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?

And the Father, from whom disease or accident has snatched the hope of his age!—if himself faithful unto death, will find that the Destroyer has but raised his child to glory, and but prepared him for that one family above—that hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed from the earth—among whom all who now rightly endure the great Parent's discipline will be numbered!

C. A. B.

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[From Tholuck's Sermons.]

### THE SPECIAL PRESENCE OF GOD.

2. But, brethren, God hath come near unto us, through the Son, in the work of Redemption. Without Christ the heaven of stars, as well as the heart of man, remains to us, a sealed hieroglyphic. Seest thou not how men conjecture about it? how diversely they unravel it? how they interpret scarcely a single syllable here and there of the great enigma? The Holy, the Unknown, whose characteristic features thou couldst not detect when thou soughtest to decipher them from the flowers, from the stars, from the hearts of men; lo, he hath come forth to meet thee, he hath come near to thee, as a man to his neighbor; in Gallilee hath he set up his tabernacle; look into the heart of Jesus, and thou hast read the heart of God; for, this is his exclamation, 'Whoever hath seen me, Philip, hath seen the Father.' Adorable love! when I passed thee by and knew thee not, then didst thou lie hidden behind the veil of nature; then did I form conjectures concerning thee, and my heart swelled with fullness of longing desire; but since I have looked upon thee in the Son of God, who hath come to find the lost sheep, and who inviteth the sorrowful and heavy laden to himself, since that time, I have looked directly upon thy face, and I know thee, and bow my knee before thee, and exclaim,—Eternal love; pass not away from me, from me the poorest of thy children!

Yea, my friends, what a hidden being is God, before he hath become manifest to us in Christ; and how completely veiled also is the heart of man, before thou learnest its character, in contrast with the Savior's. While I look upon him as the Son of God and of man, the feeling is awakened in my breast, that even I am of a God-like race; and yet, when I look upon him, tears break forth from my eyes; for alas, the God-like image within me is shamefully disfigured, and that which ought to reign in my bosom, serves. In contrast with his obedience, I learned my own disobedience; in contrast with his humility, I learned my own pride; in contrast with his compassion and the swelling of his heart with tenderness, I learned how cold and unfeeling was my own spirit. And I stood troubled exceedingly, and ashamed, and my tears flowed forth. Then spake a voice, from the throne of glory, saying, 'Weep not, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath overcome.' *Wilt* thou be made whole? 'Yea, Lord,' I answered, 'ah thou knowest how strongly I desire it.' Then said he, 'My Son, be of good cheer, there is help for thee; stand up and follow me.' And I followed him, and lo, I became conscious that he had not disappointed me, when he said, 'Whoever believeth in me, *hath* already received everlasting life.'

Behold, how God comes near to man in the work of redemption. But in vain does he come outwardly near thee in the work of creation and atonement, unless he come also near thee in the sanctuary of thine own soul. Christ as well as nature, the manifestation of the Son in redeeming as well as of the Father in creating, stands before thee as a dumb enigma, unless the Spirit perform his preparatory work upon thy heart.

3. But God the Spirit also approacheth men in his work of sanctification. If God bring thee not to God, thou canst not find God. This is the third way in which Jehovah comes near to man; he sends the Divine Spirit, who has his seat of operation in the inmost recesses of the human heart, who invites and attracts continually, until he has brought the man to Christ. 'God hath caused all nations of men, being of one blood, to dwell on the whole face of the earth; and hath fixed and pre-determined the bounds, both of time and space, in which they should live, so that they might seek after God, if perhaps they might feel after him and find him. And indeed, he is not far from every one of us, for in him we live, move, and are.'

Man! feel the whole greatness of that which is proclaimed to thee by this truth. In thine inmost nature art thou thus rooted within the Spirit of God. No finite being is so near, not even thou thyself art so near to thine own soul, as the Spirit of God is. He is with thee when thou standest up; he goeth with thee when thou liest down; and if thou take the wings of the morning, and fly even to the outmost sea, yet even there will his hand hold thee. Thou canst by no means escape from his strong hold. The man who hath sunk into darkness, would fain release himself from God; he may not recognise his divine companion, yet the hand of this companion is upon him. Thou hangest the veil before thee, thou seest him not, but he seeth thee. Beloved man, he who inwardly speaketh to thee is not thine enemy. Turn not away from his voice. It is the voice of thy friend, the voice of thy best friend, thy God and thy Father, who will bear thee to his Son. What he teacheth will indeed give thee pain; thou thoughtest thou wert full and hadst a sufficient supply; oh see, he convinceth thee that thou art naked and destitute; he exciteth in thy soul a hunger and thirst; it may make thee lament, but, beloved man, turn him not away; lo, he maketh thee poor and naked and hungry and thirsty, for no other reason than this, that he will clothe thee with new celestial garments, such as his Son hath provided for thee, and such as thou shalt wear in his kingdom: for no other reason than this, that he will feed thee and give thee drink,—feed with heavenly bread, and give thee living water, such as his Son shall dispense to thee in his kingdom.

Behold, my Christian friends, the arms of love which your God spreadeth out for you, which come near unto you, and are stretched forth to embrace you in all your ways! A sea of love surrounds you all, with its waves on all sides; but how many of you thirst amid these waves, and must continue to thirst in the midst of them, if you will not extend your arms to meet your God. Will you be made whole? This is the question which I earnestly repeat to you. If it was necessary that the man, upon whom the miracle of physical healing was performed, should be willing to be cured, how much more necessary is it that the man, whose soul is to be restored, should desire restoration. Christ revives and enlightens you, not without nor against your will. But behold, here is the diseased place in your heart. All ye who are not dead in your sins, and who yet cannot come into decided spiritual life; who affirm that you believe, and yet are not conscious of the power and blessedness of living in the Redeemer,—the reason of your present condition is this; when Christ with all earnestness inquires, 'Will you indeed be made whole,' you answer, 'No we will not!' You hunger not, you thirst not,—how shall God give you food?

Will you indeed be made whole? Then draw near to God. Draw near to him and he will draw near to you. The sea of love will not barely surround you, so that you shall remain joyless amid its waves; you shall drink from that sea.

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'The long existence of the Christian church, would be pronounced upon common principles, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate foe. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem no disciplined legions, no outward force of any kind. Yet her expectation is, that she shall live forever. To mock this hope, and blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenuous arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and daughters has streamed like water. The smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they wore the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecution have shouted over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined, of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants? And where are their empires? The tyrants have long since gone to their own place. Their names have descended upon the roll of infamy. Their empires have passed like shadows over the rock. They have successively disappeared and left not a trace behind. But what became of the church? She rose from her ashes fresh in beauty and might. Celestial glory beamed around her. She dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funerals of kings and kingdoms that plotted her ruin, and with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame. How shall this phenomenon be explained? We are at this moment witnesses of the fact, but who can unfold the mystery? This blessed book, the book of truth and love, has made our wonder to cease. The Lord her God in the midst of her is mighty. His presence is a fountain of health, and his protection a wall of fire. Armed with divine power, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power of every adversary. Bars and bolts and dungeons are no obstacles to its approach. Bonds and tortures and death cannot extinguish its influence.' *Dr Mason.*

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### ON SPIRITUAL DISTRESS.

Sorrow is the common lot of humanity; but disappointments in our business, losses in our property, bereavements in our domestic circle, diseases in our bodies, or even all these combined, are light, compared with that mental anguish to which some of the children of God are at times subject. The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear? It happens not unfrequently, that the Christian is troubled on every side, yet not distressed: at other times the case is reversed; and while all things around are prosperous, he is filled with a deep, exquisite, and absorbing grief, which words cannot adequately describe. Nothing indeed can surpass or equal the forcible language, and the vivid and varied imagery of Scripture, for we find such anguish as called, drinking the cup of wormwood and gall, walking in darkness, sinking in deep waters, passing through the furnace and the fiery trial. When the infinite evil and awful consequences of sin are distinctly perceived, without any clear discovery of the atonement and righteousness of Christ; when relapses and declensions, inordinate worldly pursuits and selfish indulgences, have accumulated a load of guilt upon the conscience; when atheistical thoughts and blasphemous ideas, the poisoned darts of Satan, have been shot into the soul; and when, as the last and worst circumstance, the light of God's countenance is totally hid, while a thickening cloud obscures the evidence of interest in his favor, which, by degrees, shuts out every cheering beam of hope,—how dreadful are the tempestuous terrors which flash across the mind, how tremendous and appalling is the prospect of death and judgment!—The distress of pious men is by the worldly uniformly attributed to fanaticism. And even some Christians are too eager to place it to the account of nervous debility, or morbid melancholy. They seem afraid lest the sufferings of religious men should, in the estimation of the world, reflect discredit upon religion itself. It is deemed therefore by them the part both of good policy and charity, to advert chiefly to the calm peace and sweet satisfaction, which the Gospel is calculated and intended to produce. It is undoubtedly true, that religion is the only source of permanent comfort and refined joy. But it must not be forgotten nor concealed, that Christianity is a restorative system, and though all its medical prescriptions, are both safe and salutary, they often prove, from the strength of evil habits and corrupt passions, exceedingly painful in their immediate effects. It must also be remembered, that the Christian life is constantly represented as a warfare; and though the combat is not always equally fierce and violent, nor do all occupy posts equally perilous, the believer has not only to engage the enemy at the outworks, fighting behind his rampart, but is frequently called to maintain the arduous conflict within the citadel itself, where he is environed with darkness, dismay and confusion.

When we meet with a good man strongly agitated with doubts and fears, or deeply plunged in spiritual trouble, he has powerful claims upon our tenderness and sympathy:

For, with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise.
He that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of the fester'd part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.

Let not any one who is severely tried conclude, that his case is singular, a conclusion which, in such circumstances, almost every one is apt to draw. Some of the most eminent saints throughout successive ages, have been exercised with the keenest inward conflicts, and at times weighed down with a crushing load of woes. Hear David: 'Mine iniquities are gone over my head, as a heavy burden; they are too heavy for me; for I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.' Hear the language of Job: 'The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.'

Nor let the man filled with spiritual distress, think his case hopeless. Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a Physician there? Is not Jesus exalted to be a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins? Yes, desponding soul, in him resides an inexhaustible fulness of grace. Take then the precious promises of his word, and try their efficacy. While a thorn rankles in the flesh, and the messenger of Satan buffets thee, hasten to the merciful and mighty Redeemer. Spread thy wants and woes before him, and urge thy requests with unceasing importunity, for he will not fail to answer in due season, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Mysterious and incomprehensible are the dispensations of Providence; but we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.

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### RECKLESSNESS OF LIFE.

(From the signs of the Times, by C. C. C. Cuyler, D. D. of Philadelphia.)

Of all mere earthly good, life is the most valuable, and it is so esteemed by men. Hence the dread which men feel about losing it, and the pains which they take, and the expense which they incur, to preserve it. This probably arises, in no small degree, from the uncertainty under which they labor with respect to their condition after this life, and the connexion which they suppose to exist between the manner in which they shall pass their lives here, and their condition hereafter. But, however men may feel or act with respect to the subject, God evidently sets a very high value on human life, and has guarded it by the most solemn sanctions. This was his language to Noah on the subject, immediately after the flood, and was therefore designed to bind all his posterity. 'And surely your blood of your lives will I require, at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man.' This principle was afterwards incorporated with the decalogue. Three exceptions were made to the rule. 1. When a man ignorantly, and without design, was the cause of another's death. 2. When it became absolutely necessary to take the life of another for the preservation of one's own life. 3. If a man should slay a thief who attempted to break into his house at night. For such cases the cities of refuge were provided.

From this it will appear that the law by which God protects human life is an original divine enactment, prior to, and independent of, the Jewish dispensation, and must, therefore, unless God has repealed it, which he has never done, be still in force. It is not to be denied that the Gospel enforces every principle of the *moral law*, and makes provision to sustain it by the highest motives, while it abrogates every thing which was merely ceremonial under the former dispensation. It was objected against the Gospel plan of salvation by grace that it made void the law. To which the Apostle Paul replies, 'Do we then make void the law by faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.' That is, the Gospel provides an adequate satisfaction for the penalty of the law by the death of Christ, and secures a better obedience on the part of man, by higher motives, from the influence of the grace of God on his heart And while we admit that the Gospel throws an additional safeguard around the life of man, and renders it greatly more probable that he will regard the interests of his fellow creatures with favor, in proportion to the influence which the grace of God exercises on his heart, we must at the same time deny that it has freed either saint or sinner from the moral obligation of obedience, or the transgressor from the penalty by which God sanctions his law. For what purpose was the law given? Paul tells us in writing to Timothy. 'Knowing this, that the law was not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for ungodly and profane, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for manslayers;' and after enumerating a number of other crimes, he adds, 'And if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine, according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust.' So that it is plain to the least degree of discernment, that 'The glorious Gospel of the blessed God,' has not only not abrogated the law, but established it. Nay, the blessed Savior himself says, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.' That is, the moral law shall endure while God and intelligent creatures exist.

It would then be reasonable to suppose that that branch of the law which guards human life would be respected by men as extensively as they had knowledge of it, particularly where its precepts were inculcated, and its importance and sanctions understood, especially where the great body of the community were intimately connected with the enactment of laws, and equally affected by their character and observance. If this be so, then should human life no where be more sacredly regarded, or be considered as surrounded by stronger safeguards than in the land in which we dwell.

No where else are freer and happier institutions enjoyed. We are in the habit of considering the providence of God as having been directly and benignly concerned in their establishment. We view with unfeigned admiration the times selected by God for the discovery and settlement of our country, the revolution which separated us politically from Great Britain, and the formation of our government. If America had been discovered sooner, or the northern part earlier settled, we should probably have been a nation of ignorant and superstitious Catholics. If the revolution and the establishment of our institutions had been only a quarter of a century later, the deleterious influence of infidelity would have been deeply felt, and left its broad mark upon every thing.

Our federal constitution, with a single exception, recognizes and establishes, on the broadest principles, every human right. In no country on earth is so large a proportion of the population so nearly concerned in the enactment of

all laws by which the land is governed, through the extension of the elective franchise. Our laws are, in the main, good and equal, and calculated to promote the interests, and secure the rights of all. In no other country have the people a deeper interest in maintaining the supremacy of the law, and the administration of equal justice. We are distinguished among the nations of the earth for the extension of education, and the dissemination of intelligence among the mass of the people. And no people better understand, and more highly prize their rights. We also have the sacred Scriptures, that volume of divine wisdom, with all the ordinances and appliances of revealed religion, in as pure a state, and rich abundance, as they have ever been enjoyed on earth. Nor have they been without the divine blessing. And with respect to human life, we know that God has guarded it by an express law, the penalty of which he has declared to be death, and added to it, that no murderer shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, and the law of every State and Territory in this wide spread union denounces the penalty of death against every murderer. And yet it is a fact, that notwithstanding all the light which we enjoy, and all the safeguards which the laws both of God and man have thrown around human life, a large number of lives are yearly destroyed either by recklessness or violence.

I have not been able to possess myself of the statistics on the subject, but it is known to all who hear me, that a number perish yearly by steamboats on the waters of our country. I speak not here of the ordinary dangers and casualties connected with this species of navigation, whether on the ocean, or on our lakes and rivers, but of those which arise from the action of fire. Several of these vessels have been destroyed by fire, and with them a considerable number of human beings. And explosions, more or less destructive, have been so frequent during the seasons of navigation, as almost to be expected as articles of weekly intelligence. And unless the destruction of human life has been very extensive, or the circumstances very peculiar, it has soon passed away with trifling animadversion, been soon forgotten, slight investigations as to the cause or blameworthiness have ensued, and but little pains have been taken to guard against the evil in future, whether it has resulted from defective construction, or carelessness or recklessness on the part of those who have had the manngement of the concern. Thus have many hundreds of lives been destroyed, and multitudes of human beings, in the freshness of their sins, been hurried into the presence of their Maker, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, without time for repentance or warning to prepare. But it seems neither to have diminished this mode of travel, nor to have increased the anxiety of those who were exposed to its dangers.

And yet, most of the disasters which have occurred have arisen from the inordinate speed with which they have been attempted to be propelled, or, an utter inattention to the state of the machinery. Explosions would rarely, if ever, take place, with a competent quantity of water in the boiler, and that is a fact which, ordinarily, may be ascertained. But with the love of mastery impelling them, men are often wilfully blind to the true state of the case, or, through the hurry produced by the eagerness of competition, they forget their duty, even when many lives are dependant on it. In most cases, the disasters which occur, arise from these causes. Nor are the managers of these vessels the only ones who are to blame. Passengers, not only stand by and witness the hazardous and reckless competition whic h takes place, without remonstrance, but they urge them on to more inordinate exertion, even to the point of destruction. Nay, in commencing a journey, they will prefer the master who will wage the strife, and the vessel which promises success in doing it. And where are the restraints which are imposed on the practice, either by public sentiment, or by law?

This is one of the evil spirits of the age in which we live, which needs to be allayed; one of the portentous signs of these times; one of the forms of *hurry* into which the human mind has been thrown, and under the influence of which it is driving headlong, at every object which presents itself to view, without regard to duty or consequences. Think it not strange, therefore, that a minister of the Gospel should rebuke this spirit from the heights of Zion, when it has brought the guilt of so much blood upon a land so deeply indebted to the Divine goodness as ours. I refer to the subject, to show that human life is valued among us at a low rate, inducing greatly less care of it than its importance demands. Such accidents, (as they are called,) as occur, almost weekly, on our Western waters, without giving rise to legal investigation, or strong animadversion in the public prints, would, in almost every other civilized country, occasion the closest legal inquiry, and be frequently followed by condign punishment. Here, even the public press, which boasts so high a degree of independence, can, with difficulty, be brought to publish well authenticated statements of facts, where influential individuals or companies are concerned. For this reason, no wholesome public sentiment can be formed on the subject, which would constrain public functionaries to do their duty.

A still more distressing and alarming feature, in this sign of the times, may be found in the lawless violence with which individuals and companies assail each other's lives, and the rareness with which it is followed by adequate punishment. In a country of *laws*, and *boasting* itself, on that account, to be the happiest and freest on earth, many constitute themselves their own law, and judge, and executioner of their own passionate and bloody purposes. You will readily call to mind the Vicksburg tragedy. It is true, the unhappy sufferers were only a company of gamblers, and the actors professed to be influenced by a desire to maintain the virtue and safety of the youth upon whom the harpies were preying. But who would, or could, live in a community, the very virtue of which was thus lawless and bloody? And how ready were they, in other places, to follow the unblest example, and with what difficulty were they restrained? It seemed as if a sympathetic spirit pervaded the land about those days. Baltimore was without law or order for several days, nor were they restored till several lives were lost. The same spirit gave rise to the burning of the convent at Charlestown, in Massachusetts, and the election and flour mobs in New York. Even our own peaceful city, as you know, was, for several nights, in so disturbed a state as to excite deep and serious alarm. Strong apprehensions even began to be entertained by the friends of order throughout our land, that the time was rapidly passing away when every man could sit in peace under his own vine and fig tree, without any to molest or make him afraid. And, when we began to hope that this foul spirit had departed, we became painfully convinced of his presence and influence, at Alton—the more painfully, because a minister of the Gospel, and of our own Church, died there, 'as a fool dieth,' with arms in his hands, which he had, a few moments before, probably used against a fellow creature. These things are calculated to humble us before God, as they have disgraced us before the civilized world. Our blessed institutions, themselves, have been impugned on account of it, and our citizens have been obliged to hang their heads in shame and mortification before foreigners, who attribute it all to those very institutions. And, what is worse than all, the majesty of our injured laws has not been vindicated. Blood still cries from the ground to the God of life!

But this is not all. Blood has been shed, in not a few instances, by individuals, as well as by mobs, who were inflamed by passion; and that, not merely when they have been brought into sudden collision with each other, and under the influence of highly excited passions, but they have gone about the work of death, with the cool deliberation of the practised duellist, the assassin by trade, or the butcher to the slaughter of an ox. Men do not even seek the darkness and secrecy of night for the performance of such works, but they let the light of day shine upon them, and the eyes of men see them. Within a few months, such a tragedy was enacted in one of the legislative halls of our country. What will, and ought, the world to think and say, when it is told, that the Speaker, the highest officer in one of our legislative assemblies, in the presence of all his brethren, and while the body was in session, rose up from his official seat, walked deliberately across the floor to where his companion was seated, and stabbed him to the heart! What must we think of the morals of our country, in this respect, when the editor of a leading public journal can publish to the world, that he, for hours, endeavored to find a man, that he might maim or kill him, because he would not meet *him* in a duel, while he continues his occupation with a slightly diminished subscription list, and is sustained by a large number of patrons? You may probably, find his paper in most of the reading rooms of Philadelphia, and it would not surprise me, if it were the first paper inquired after by many. At what rate is human life valued in our country, when a member of Congress can tell his constituents, and through them the American people, that he, and, by implication, all others, go to the seat of our national government, in the discharge of their public duties, not under the protection of law, but in dependence on the strength or skill of their own arms? and who denies or rebukes the assertion? Nay, he avers, that his constituents approve of it, and will sustain him in it. God grant that he may find himself mistaken.

That I am not overstating the case is evident from the declared fact, that in large portions of our country, pistols and bowie-knives are the ordinary travelling companions of many; and that, in several places, many men go thus armed in their daily avocations. If these things are not so, why do we almost daily read in our public prints, of one being stabbed, and another shot down in the public streets? And why, in several of the States of the Union, have the legislatures passed, or attempted to pass, laws to prevent, not the use, but the wearing of such weapons? And why, if men are not afraid of personal violence, or if they do not intend to commit violence on others, do they go about among their fellow creatures, thus prepared for it? Thus scores, perhaps hundreds, perish in our country every year. These will be dark lines in the history of our age and country; and they cannot be obliterated. And, if this wave of blood rolls on, it will wear for itself deeper and broader channels, until this declaration of God shall be verified in our country, 'The Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth, also, shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.'

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*For the Register and Observer.*

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Mankind have always been too prone to judge of one another from external circumstances—to look only at the pomp and splendor of their condition, and make this the test of favor both with God and man. More particularly was this the case with the Jewish nation—as the spirit and sanctions of their laws tended most manifestly to produce. For this cause it was that they ever treated with so much indignity the pretensions of Jesus to be their long expected Messiah. His meekness and humility—his entire want of comeliness and show were constant stumbling blocks to their faith. In their eyes, Jesus was but a lowly Galilean peasant, a despised Nazarene, the son of a carpenter! While the Messiah, they fancied, was to appear, arrayed in robes of more than regal magnificence, and outrivalling all the splendor of the opposition, both of Priest and King, to redeem Israel, and regenerate the world. Even his Disciples, though so oft presented with such undeniable proofs of his heavenly dignity, alike participated in the general expectation. They were continually inquiring when their master was to manifest himself to the world. A more popular and explicit appeal to the senses was yet needed to allay their distressing doubts. This was to be answered, by the Transfiguration. This event was intended by Jesus for the peculiar benefit of his Disciples, not only as a proof of the divinity of his mission, but more immediately to remove the many anxious fears that had arisen in their minds during his last interview with them, the six days previous. There had been presented to their minds the decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem, coupled with every imaginable circumstance of ignominy—even of the *Cross*, that universal object of detestation and dread! They could not endure the thought. They could not believe the event to be possible. 'Be it far from thee, Lord,' was the language of one, 'this shall not be done unto thee.' To enlighten their minds, and remove if possible this offence of the cross, Jesus, ever so tenderly mindful of their interests, then provides this happy expedient of his Transfiguration. Let us briefly examine the circumstances of this event, as they are recorded by the Evangelist Matthew, in the 17th chapter, from the 1st to the 9th verses inclusive. (Verse 1st,) we read that 'after six days,' (i.e. six days from their last interview) 'Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart.' Why, it may be asked, does he single out these disciples in particular from the rest? Why are they not all present at such a memorable scene? We may answer that all perhaps were not equally qualified to behave aright on such a solemn occasion. They could not comprehend its meaning so well, and make it such a glorious means of their future usefulness. Again, we shall find that it was ever the custom of Jesus, in the more important events of his life, thus to single out his disciples. The law required the testimony of three witnesses to the establishment of any fact. And here are the very three, who of all the rest, we should most naturally expect would have been selected by Jesus. They were probably the most influential among their brethren, and enjoyed also his own more particular intimacy, as had already been manifested unto them on previous occasions, and was more especially so in after time. For one we know was honored with the keys of his Kingdom. Another with the first crown of martyrdom in his cause,—and the third, with the happy sight of its triumphant establishment in the world. Therefore, more eminently to fit them for their glorious ministry, does their Lord 'bring them up into a high mountain apart'—into a mountain not like that which their fathers had seen, burning with fire, and wrapped in clouds and darkness; but one which was fair to behold, and in the deep and awful stillness of whose summit their souls might burn with the holy fire of contemplation.

(2nd verse) 'And was transfigured before them,' by which we are to understand that he was changed not as to his body, which our interpreters have so fancifully supposed was then 'glorified,' but simply as to his form and appearance. Herein consisted the splendor and glory. And its brightness was enhanced from the probable fact of its being then the season of night, when (as Luke remarks) the disciples were heavy with sleep. What this change was we know not; perhaps it may have been like unto that of Moses when he descended from the Sacred Mount.

(3d verse,) 'And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with them.' The appearance at this time of two such illustrious personages, whose memories were so dear, and whose words had ever been listened to as the oracles of Heaven, was most strikingly accommodated to the prejudices of the Disciples, and the design of the Transfiguration. Moses at the head of the Law, Elias at the head of the Prophets. What a vivid testimony to the dignity of the Savior's character and the harmony of the two dispensations, the law and the gospel! Truly Jesus can no longer be the lowly and despised Nazarene. The King of Kings has anointed him with a majesty from heaven. He must be the Messiah, the well beloved Son of God!

In the next verse we find the zealous Peter desirous of continuing the vision. He does not wish to go down from the holy mountain into the world again; nor especially to go to Jerusalem where his beloved Master is to be condemned and crucified. Therefore he proposed that there should be erected three tabernacles (or tents,) if in any way the heavenly interview might thus be prolonged.

(5th verse) 'But while he yet spake, behold a bright cloud, overshadowed them, and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him.' What a forcible rebuke to Peter's rashness! What a liveliness of meaning in this abrupt conclusion of the interview! The whole scene cannot fail to produce the deepest impression upon the minds of these anxious Disciples, both then and ever afterwards. They fall on their faces and are sore afraid. The vision is too much for them. They are awed at the presence of the great God; and the voice of their beloved Master alone can dissipate their fears.

(7th verse,) 'And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lift up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only.' The vision, so bright and lovely, has vanished away. But a voice from Heaven has declared that its beloved Son is with them—why need their souls be disquieted within them?

(19th verse,) 'And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.' This charge was probably given lest a betrayal of the glorious scene might stir up an uproar among the people, and lead them to subvert its credibility, by imputing to it the character of a *pious fraud*. Beside, the Disciples themselves were not then capable of comprehending its full meaning, until after their Lord's Resurrection. *This* was to be the great key to this, and his many other mysterious sayings. Hence they were continually told to ponder them in their hearts, and a light from Heaven would ere long break in upon them, when with new ears they should hear and obey the voice which before had so often spoken, but in vain.

Such is a brief and imperfect view of our Lord's Transfiguration—an event full of the most tender and sublime beauty, both in design and execution, and to which we shall not find a parallel in his whole ministry. To Jesus it must have brought a most holy and approving joy. To his humble followers, it must have ever been a subject of pleasing though mysterious contemplation. And when the tomb had at last given up its sacred dead, then how sweet and soothing must have been its influence—what a quickening impulse must it ever have given to their glorious labors!

And to us, on these distant shores, and in these distant times, the event is not without meaning. There may we learn to love our Savior more—to behold new proof of his divinity, and a new inducement to revere the Records of his life. There too, may we read a vivid emblem of the power and glory in which Jesus will appear, when he shall come in all the majesty of Universal Judge—when in the Father's glory, and all the holy angels with him, he shall come to separate the evil and the good. 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.'

C.

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'Samuel is a little boy, eight years old. He has really become a Christian, and wishes to do his duty, and his whole duty. Do you wish to know, Samuel, what it is? If you look into the Bible, to your Savior, for an example, you will see that the first principle of action which he announced was, that he was doing his Father's business. But you remember that he was sent to do a great work here, which you cannot do. 'I cannot go,' you say, 'from place to place preaching the Gospel and working miracles, and giving sight to the blind, and healing to the sick. I would if I could.'

It is true you cannot do that. That is, you cannot do your Father's business in the same way precisely that Christ did. Or, to exlpain it more fully, God has a great deal of business to be done in this world, and it is of various kinds, and the particular portion allotted to each person, depends upon the circumstances in which each one is placed. You cannot do exactly what Christ did while he was here, but you can do what he would have done had he been in your place. You cannot make a blind man happy by restoring his sight, but you can make your little sister happy, by helping her up kindly when she has fallen down; and that last is your Father's business, as much as the other. His business here is to make every one happy, and to relieve every one's suffering. You cannot persuade great multitudes of men to love and obey God, as Christ endeavored to do, but you may lead your brothers and sisters to do it by your silent influence and happy example. So you can bear sufferings patiently, and take injuries meekly, and thus exhibit the character which God wishes to have prevail here. The light you thus let shine may be a feeble light, and it may illuminate only a narrow circle around you; but if it is the light of genuine piety, it will be in fact the glory of God; and if it is your great object to let this shine, you are about your Father's business, as truly as Jesus was when he preached to the thronging multitude, or brought Lazarus from the tomb. Yes; if a little child is making it his great aim to do good, by making his parents, his brothers and sisters, and his playmates happy, for the sake of co-operating with God, he is following the example of Christ.'—*Abbott's 'Corner Stone.'*

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'The last thing I have to say about the character of Jesus Christ is, he *loved his mother*. Perhaps I have some young readers, who can remember that at some recent period, when they have been sick or suffering from any cause, they have, by their fretfulness or discontent, brought trouble and care to their parents, and have considered themselves excused for it, by the circumstances in which they have been placed. To them I have one thing to say. Your Savior was nailed to the cross. The whole weight of his body was suspended from his lacerated limbs, and here he had to hang hour after hour, till life actually sunk under the power of suffering. But even here he did not forget his mother. He gave, in the most touching manner possible, his dearest friend a charge to be kind to her, to protect her, to take care of her as long as she should live. He did this however, almost by a word, for under such circumstances it was torture to speak. 'Behold thy mother.' That was all—but it was enough. Now let me ask each one of my readers, whether old or young, who has a mother still in life, to go and devise some act of kindness and affection for her, in imitation of the dying example which the Savior set us. Do something to cheer and comfort her; even if it is no very substantial act of kindness, it will bring gladness to her heart, as a memorial of your remembrance and affection.'—*Abbott's 'Corner Stone.'*

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*For the Register and Observer.*

## DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

The subject of Domestic Missions is one of increasing interest in this city, and elsewhere. The ministry to the Poor commenced in this place. It is gradually extending itself, to other portions of this continent, and to some parts of the old world. There has just been placed in our hands the 'Third Annual Report of the London Domestic Mission Society,' some extracts from which may be interesting to your readers. It has in its employ two missionaries, Rev. Mr Philp, and Rev. Mr Wilder. Of Mr Philp it remarks, that he 'has kept no record of the number of his visits in the district of Spicer Street, Spitalfields, during the past year; but the Committee have the means of knowing that he has been unremitting in his exertions, up to the full extent of his powers, and often to the endangering of his health. He has, in several instances, had to pay visits of mercy where poverty, disease, and inattention to the decencies of life, partly unavoidable, and partly the result of improvidence or vice, have presented scenes which at once defy, and forbid description. How much he has done, the Committee greatly regret, does not appear; but they feel confidence in stating, that whatever its amount, it has been well done, in the genuine spirit of the holy mission with which you have entrusted him. During the past year he has distributed, in money and necessaries, £32 0s. 4d., articles of clothing 484. The number of children in the Day School has fluctuated between 66 and 168,—it is at present about 140. In the Sunday school the number has increased from 285 to 315; the average attendance in the afternoon, has increased from 158 to 200; in the morning the average attendance has been from 118 to 160.' After stating some other of its operations, the report adds, 'the result of all this agency appeared in the improved civilization and increased intelligence of the children. They are thereby rendered more open to impression from the direct religious instruction which is carefully presented to them by Mr Philp and the Sunday school Teachers, who also have, as a whole, shown their deep interest in the prosperity of the mission, by their zealous attention to the duties which they have undertaken.'

Of Mr Wilder it speaks as follows: 'Mr Wilder has made, in the thirteen months since the last anniversary, 3,458 visits in the District of Half Moon Alley, Cripplegate, averaging 267 per month. This average has increased, however, during the latter part of this period, so that in the last six months he has made 1,741 visits, being an average of 324 per month. Some of these visits have been necessarily very brief, but others much more prolonged, so as to give opportunity for carrying out the main principle of the society, the conveying religious instruction to the homes of those who are shut out by circumstances, or their own folly, from the ordinary means of its attainment. Mr Wilder has found, in common with Mr Philp, that his time and labors are best bestowed, not on the lowest and most profligate inhabitants of his District, but on those who are struggling against want and temptation, who are not without good feeling or some principle, though it may be only as a faint glimmering, and not a steady and cheering light; who in fact, are just in that state in which the kind periodical visits of a religious friend are, under a divine blessing, of the greatest service to them, in strengthening their hearts and upholding their steps in the way of life. To such they easily gain access, especially in times of sickness and trouble, and seldom afterwards lose hold of their best affections. Mr Wilder has distributed in money and neccessaries £15 13s. 1d., articles of clothing 234. The number of children in the Day School has fluctuated between 36 and 110; it is now about 90. In the Sunday school the number has remained all the year about 125, with an average attendance of 80." The whole receipts for 1837 was £713. 5s. 6d.—the expenditures *minus* that sum, £37 15s. 1d.

These statements so similar in their character to those of our own Ministers at Large, give evidence of their common origin;—and the hand of the *Poor man's Friend* is equally seen in both.

P.

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

## THE CONTRAST.

A young man is seated in his cell with his head resting upon his hands. A bell strikes. He starts. The door of his prison opens; a clergyman comes in, and walking up to the youth gently takes his hand. The young man raises his eyes. The tears are falling from his cheeks, his countenance is pale and haggard, and indiscribable woe is upon it. The clergyman speaks a few words of comfort. The young man listens but says nothing. The clergyman continues, he speaks of the divine love, of Jesus' assurance of pardon to the repentant malefactor. The tears flow more freely, and the young man at length sighs and says, 'Oh, my Father! forgive me.' The minister continues his friendly exhortation. The door of the cell opens again, and a young lady enters. She trembles and almost falls, but making a violent effort she reaches her brother and throws her arms around his neck. 'Oh Sarah, dear Sarah!' 'My brother.'

This young man is condemned to death for killing a companion in a moment of passion. This is the last hour of his life, and the clergyman, his friend and guide, has come to give consolation and hope, and the only sister dearer to her brother than life, has come to take leave of him.

The bell tolls again. What a shuddering, chilling sensation is felt. The minister is no longer able to restrain his feelings, his frame shakes and the tears start. The sister clings the closer to her brother, kisses him in agony and faints in his arms. He gently lays her on the bed. The door of the cell again is opened, and an officer steps in, touches the young man on his arm, and says, 'come.' The young man imprints one kiss on his sister's forehead and rushes wildly out of the cell.

He stands upon the scaffold. At his side is the gallows. Before him a vast multitude are collected. Their eyes are fixed with dreadful curiosity upon him. A prayer is offered. The cap is put on, the rope is adjusted—and the *murderer* is no more.

Let us not return to the cell, for the sister has revived and her brother *is gone.*

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The hall of a hotel is brilliantly lighted. Wreaths of flowers are suspended from the walls and ceiling. The company gradually collect. The young and beautiful are there in life and joy. The music is heard, the dancing commences, and all is excitement. But soon a young man enters the hall and all eyes are turned towards him. 'It is he, it is he,' is whispered, and for a moment all is still. As soon as the dance is finished, many young gentlemen and ladies go to the new comer and offer him their salutations. Gradually a circle is formed around him and many a hand is extended towards him and many an eye is fixed upon him. Congratulations for his bravery are heaped upon the young man and willingly accepted. The dancing is resumed, the young man, the hero of the evening, invites a young lady to be his partner, and with beating heart she accepts the invitation.—

The mail-coach had passed through the village of F., where Mrs M. resided with her daughter. The daughter had gone to the Post Office and was returning with a letter for her mother. The old lady opens the letter and reads.

'Dear Madam,—It is my sad duty to inform you that your son is no longer living. Having in vain asked an apology for an insult which he had offered me, I felt obliged to demand immediate satisfaction. Yesterday we met and he fell. I have the melancholy pleasure of assuring you, that your son conducted himself in a strictly honorable way and died like a brave man.

With much respect,

I am &c.'

The writer of this letter was the young man whose presence at the ball-room had created such a sensation. With his hands yet reeking with blood, he had written this desolating letter, and then had gone to the ball, where those hands were so eagerly grasped. The youth whom he had killed was the only son of his mother. He had left her some time before on business, and was preparing to return to her. The mother was anxiously expecting him, and instead of him received this letter. It was no satisfaction to her that her son 'had conducted in a strictly honorable way.' He was *dead*, and in a few weeks her throbbing heart had ceased to beat and her aching head was at rest. The daughter followed her mother to her grave and returned to her lonely home. For a short time her mind wandered. Nothing was present to her but her brother, covered with blood and calling upon her to close his wounds. But at length religion triumphed over affliction, and now she moves about with a sweet and sad countenance, visiting the sick and sympathizing with and comforting the mourner.

He who in a moment of passion kills a man is called a murderer, and expiates his crime on the gallows. He who *deliberately* kills a man is called a duellist, and receives the honors of society.

H. H. J.

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

## RURAL CELEBRATION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, OF THE FIRST PARISH, CAMBRIDGE.

A very appropriate and truly delightful way of celebrating the anniversary of our independence, is by Sunday School festivals. Appropriate,—because our national freedom reminds us of that better freedom of the mind and soul without which the freedom of the body is a vain thing, and to the advancement of which our Sunday Schools are so well suited. Delightful—for what can be more so than to see parents, teachers and pupils, met together, to take each other by the hand, to warm each others hearts, to partake of the temperate feast, to connect the most pleasing associations with that best of God's gifts, the religion of Jesus.

Such a festival I have just enjoyed. The most perfect good feeling, the highest interest, and the best success has attended all the preparations. Early in the afternoon, the company began to assemble in a grove, near our beloved pastor's house; a grove planted by a grandson of one of the venerable Puritan ministers of the place, the Rev. Mr. Appleton. Boys, girls, fathers, mothers, the old and the young, —indeed we all felt young—came in groups, and surrounded the table richly loaded with cake, fruit and flowers, or seated themselves on the rustic seat under the shady trees. Greetings are exchanged, smiling faces beam with life and light, the prayer is offered, the hymns are sung, the word of exhortation is uttered, the feast is shared—when, lo, the thunder rolls, the rain falls thick and fast, and we hasten to take shelter in the hospitable mansion which is near at hand.

The shower deprived us of one of our addresses, that by the Rev. Prof. Ware Jr., who only had time to say enough to make us feel most sensibly our loss in not having more. Mr. Waterston gave us one of his finest addresses. On the whole, it has been a happy, nay a blessed day to us all. Though our meeting has been terminated by a disappointment, yet even this has not been without its good. For, after all, nothing is so exciting on such an ocasion as a good heavy rain; nothing so suited to bring people together, and open their hearts.—So I believe we have been well pleased with on Sunday School festival, though it has ended less favorably than it began.

C.

*July 4th.*

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# CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1839.


## STANDARD OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY. EXPLANATORY DECLARATION.

This is rather a curious thing in its way. It is a declaration on the part of several clergymen, known as Restorationists, of their views, feelings and purposes, as practical Christians. It contains not a word of theology. Its spirit and sentiments are very benevolent, liberal and elevated. They must proceed from minds and hearts that have studied the character of Jesus deeply, and love it fervently. If they succeed in living in accordance with their resolutions, they will live purely, pleasantly and usefully. But alas! the things that we would, we frequently do not. The flesh is weak. And we imagine the paternal flesh of these worthy gentlemen, will sometimes be sorely tried. They cannot, they say, in any circumstances, use physical means to accomplish moral ends. We strongly suspect, as the fathers of obstinate, wayward, passionate children, (and such in some degree all children are,) they will meet with occasions, when the conviction will sink deep that Solomon was not so much mistaken after all. They will probably suffer the rod to distil its pungent virtues, into the tender flesh of the little sinners. If not, they may hereafter have cause to rue the spoiling effect of this sparing system carried to extremes. Cannot accomplish moral ends by physical means! Does not providence effect its most benign and glorious moral results of physical means? Are not souls made perfect through bodily sufferings. Has not the vast multitude of the redeemed passed to those blessed regions, through clouds of tribulation? Is it not the highest design of the physical universe to accomplish moral, spiritual ends? They say too they will have nothing to do with government. We hope they will review this resolution. Are they not bound to exert all the influence they have, in all ways to promote the moral interests of society? Has not government a vast influence on the state and progress of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior? Can they not by helping to place true and good men in office, do something to improve and elevate that influence? We have marked the following passage.

STANDARD: VIZ.

We are Christians. Our creed is the New Testament. Our religion is love. Our only law is the WILL of God. Our grand object is the restoration of man, especially the most fallen and friendless. Our immediate concern is the promotion of useful knowledge, moral improvement, and Christian perfection. We recognise no Spiritual Father but God—no Master but Christ. We belong to that kingdom of 'righteousness, peace and joy,' which 'is not of this world,'—whose throne is holiness, whose sceptre is truth, whose greatness is humility, whose pre-eminence is service, whose patriotism is love of enemies, whose heroism is forbearance, whose glory is self-sacrifice, whose wealth is Charity, whose triumphs are Salvation.

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## PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wm Crosby & Co.

We hope this little book will be of essential service to us. With such a chart we suppose it would be impious to doubt that we shall be able to cross these treacherous and tempestuous seas with safety and success. We think, at least, in order to test its merits, we shall make an exploring expedition in search of 'those happy islands in the watery waste,' and if we happen to get cast and bruised on rocky, inhospitable shores, why then we shall doubt the virtues of our guide, not our own deserts.

Will philosophy never stop its career—or must it bring every thought, desire and emotion under its august dominion? Must romance be driven from her last and most sacred retreats? Must there be no place left for nature to work freely in? Can not one province of humanity be left to the reign of spontaniety? Can we trust nothing to the light within, or must we walk every path of life with solemn step and slow, and frequently stop to see how the next step is nominated in the book? Is faith of none effect, or must the righteousness of law obtain in all matters? We must confess we are tired of this unceasing succession of Friends, Guides, Companions, Teachers. The best companions and teachers are *the holy scriptures*, the near examples of the wise and good, pure thoughts and feelings, life, nature, the universe, God. But every thing must be

given up to man's inventions, devices, philosophy. These mighty masters go to work to build up human souls in truth, beauty and sublimity, with the most admirable confidence. They do not appear to entertain the least suspicion, they are not perfectly competent. The result Jesus came to effect, by fire, blood and the holy sprit, why it is a mere matter of paltry precepts, rules and advices. We have no respect for this whole mass of teachings. One inspiration from the Almighty is worth them all. But we wander. The work opens with an exhortation to early marriages. Truly we were not aware that our young people were in need of any persuasion on this point. Hymen's courts are thronged. Multitudes are flocking from every direction to his hundred altars. The dark mountains of matrimony are covered. There is much more danger we suspect from thoughtless, early marriages than from delay in this matter. Let philosophy provide an abundance of means to support families, and she may spare her exhortations for other affairs. We commend the book to all our young friends who feel the need of guidance and promptings through the enchanted fields they are entering —especially to all stricken phrenologists. It contains some directions that cannot fail to be of much service in their labor of love, if they can get *them* to hold their heads still.

The following passage is replete with true philosophy.

The only other requisite in a wife, which I shall touch upon in this place, is *religion*. It is solely on account of its vital importance that I have postponed it till now, in order, that being last read, it may be the better remembered and dwelt upon.

I am aware that in making this avowal, I lay myself open both to ridicule and censure. Many people laugh at the very name of religion, and others while they are ready enough to admit generally, that it is a good thing, yet profess themselves hostile to its being brought prominently forward in connexion with the general affairs of life. But convinced as I am that there is no system of sound morals which is not based on the rock of Revelation, I must even take my chance, both of the scorn of avowed, and the rebuke of practical, infidelity. Yes! distasteful as it may sound to the ears of some, the man who, admitting the evidences of our faith to be complete, yet disdains to take that faith as his guide and counsellor, is nothing better than a practical infidel. He is as absurdly inconsistent as the mariner, who having satisfied himself of the use of the compass, yet too proud to be indebted to its assistance, locked it up in his chest so soon as he found himself in the open and shoreless sea.

Religion gives us new natures. It controls the passions—directs inclinations, and confines desires into proper and reasonable limits. It makes us conscious of our own errors and short-comings, and so enables us to bear with our neighbor's weaknesses and failings. It is the parent of every kind and graceful feeling—it restores us to the image of Him whose great characteristics are perfection and love.

I therefore lay it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that no union can be permanently happy where religion does not intervene. To deny this, were to deny the scripture, which affirmeth that 'every good and perfect gift cometh down from God.'

See what Christianity hath done for the female character. In every nation where it exists not, they hold a degraded and subordinate place in society. Mahomet made puppets and toys of the sex; Revelation raises them to the rank of companions and friends.

Suppose yourself for a moment in the amphitheatre of Rome—the Rome of Jupiter and of Nero. A naked youth stands trembling and shrinking in the arena, casting in vain on the mighty assemblage an eye of supplication and terror. The trumpet sounds —a famished roar drowns the signal note, and in an instant what was breathing man, is now one figureless mass of bone and blood, quivering in new felt death. And on such a scene the Roman maid and matron gaze with satisfied and satiated complacency, and recall in their strangely unnatural gossip, every throe and struggle of expiring humanity.

Take another picture. An aged sufferer is expiring in a hovel. Poverty and squalid wretchedness are the characteristics which surround the bed of straw. Disease and filth are the gloomy *genii loci*. The door opens—the rustling of silks is heard and rank and beauty wipes the clammy brow, and 'commends' the medicated chalice to the parched lip.

The Roman matron and the British lady are both daughters of her whose first disobedience brought sin and death into the world—both are partakers of one common and corrupt nature—both are subject to like passions and feelings—in nothing do they differ but in religion;—and if such be its fruits, where is he who will say that it is a small matter whether the wife of his bosom, on whom so much of his happiness depends, be imbued with its benign and humanizing influences.

In conclusion, let me urge the importance of the wife being of the same creed and religious profession with the husband. Where this is not the case, there never can be that reciprocation of feelings and affections which constitutes the *to kalon* of the matrimonial state. A house divided against itself in so essential a matter, can have no abiding stability.

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There has been quite a sharp controversy going on among the *doctors* in regard to the causes and remedies of the throat distemper, which has afflicted and disabled so many clergymen. It has been stoutly contended that tobacco is a preventive and a cure. Some of our brethren, we imagine, will deem the remedy worse than the disease. They will probably think it the most villainous discovery ever made. But not so all. The act of uniformity has not yet reached *taste*. Some will gladly preserve their throats sound at the trouble and indelicacy of using a little tobacco.

Dr. Howe of Jaffrey N. H. wishes to gather the facts in relation to the subject. He has addressed the following letter to the editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

'THE MINISTER'S AIL.'

*To the Editar of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Dear Sir,—I believe, with the editor of the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal, as quoted by you in this week's No. of the Journal, that 'The claims of humanity are high; and in no instance more so than when preferred by the suffering clergy.' The novelty of your suggestions on this disease has had the desired effect to call the attention of practitioners to it. But, unfortunately, no two writers agree in the etiology of the disease.

Whether its cause and prevalence arise from the 'disuse of tobacco;' 'to the disuse of stimulating diet and drink;' 'to excessive speaking;' 'to the use of cold water during this exercise;' to the 'chiling walls at the back of pulpits against which clergymen often rest the upper part of the back, immediately after the exercise of preaching'—or, permit me to add, to the various exciting causes of dyspepsy or chronic inflammation of the mucous membrance of the primæ viæ, can only be determined by statistical facts. Now we want these facts—all which have a bearing on the disease, and nothing but the facts;—not opinions, which must in most instances have been formed from the limited observations. How shall these facts be obtained? Permit me to suggest this method:—Invite some one physician or minister in each town in the New England States to send you, or some other individual, a short history of the ministers of the town where he resides, in health and disease, from its first settlement, or during fifty years past.

The following questions would show, in part at least, what is wanted to obtain a full knowledge of the disease, it causes and remedies. How many years have your ministers preached in health? How often have they usually preached on the Sabbath and during the week? What have been their habits in living—in respect to exercise, diet, tobacco and other narcotics? What have been their diseases. What their remedies? Their success? Cured, or fatal?

The answers to these questions, and other facts which they might elicit, when condensed and embodied, would present proper data on which to form opinions as to the causes and remedies of this disease.

The writer feels not only an interest in common with members of the profession, but this interest is greatly increased from the fact that his brother, a pastor of a large church and society in a town in Massachusetts, in the prime of life, has for about two years, been unable to perform the services of the pulpit, on account of this disease, bronchitis.

Should this proposition meet your approbation, I tender you my address, as *post master*, to receive such communications; and services, if you please, to condense and prepare them in such a tabular form as would be convenient for the columns of your Journal.

Yours truly,
LUKE HOWE.

*Jaffrey, N. H., June 28, 1839.*

In relation to the above communication the editor of the Journal remarks,

DR. HOWE'S QUESITONS.—Readers are particularly referred to a series of questions, in another part of this day's Journal, by Dr. Howe, a very worthy practitioner of Jaffrey, N. H., who has proposed an excellent plan for collecting the facts in relation to the use of tobacco, and its effects on the vocal organs of clergymen. Being post-master of the town, he kindly offers to receive all communications that may be sent him in his official capacity, which are intended to be arranged, finally, in a tabular form, and published. Our correspondents are reminded of the importance of deciding a point which has become a mooted question. Those who find it more convenient to forward their papers to this office, may do so.

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The following fine passage is extracted from 'The last hours of Jesus,' a very interesting little work translated by Rev. S. Osgood of Nashua from the German of Olshausen—the Review of which we are obliged to postpone till next week.

'If aside from this or that dogmatic view, we consider the history of the dying Jesus, simply, as the Evangelists relate it, we must acknowledge that even the most boundless fancy could not imagine a poetical creation like this simple record of a real event. Imagination forms only by analogy; but here is something in every respect incomparable, a fresh product of the creative power. He who in the beginning was with the Father, who could say, 'he that seeth me seeth the Father; as they honor the Father so should they honor the Son; and who left all his majesty, in order to take upon himself flesh and blood, hung naked upon the cross, became poor, left all behind, in order to make us rich through his poverty. His head was crowned with thorns, in emblem of the sorrows, which the earth, the mother of thorns, prepared for him. Over his head appeared the holy name, which, as a banner, written in the three great languages of the earth, declared him the King of Glory whom mankind had hung upon the cross. His arms were outstretched, as if to embrace the world which rejected him, and for whose salvation he still thirsted. At his left hung the infidel malefactor, who, with the rough populace, had reviled the Holy One; at his right was the sinner who repented; so that around the Savior, the representatives of mankind were assembled, both of those who go the way of perdition, and those who walk the way of salvation. In his deep abasemeat, the Savior nevertheless exercised an act of Divine majesty; he received the homage of the faithful, he opened to him the gates of the Heavenly Kingdom. The cross of Christ became a throne, the place of a skull became the world's tribunal.'

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THE FOURTEENTH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, with the proceedings of the annual meeting, May 29, 1839.

It is a valuable document It contains statements and information that ought to be in posession of all our people. We shall give from time to time such portions as strike us as most useful and interesting.

AUXILIARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The Committee attach great importance to Auxiliary associations. They regard them as among the best means of diffusing Christian knowledge and promoting union, sympathy, and benevolent effort in our parishes. The Secretary has devoted much of his time to delivering addresses and forming such associations. The number formed the past year is thirty-three.

Four years ago about two thousand of the Tracts were taken by the Auxiliaries, and the number taken by them the last year was nearly five thousand

The New Hampshire Association is connected with us, and receives its Tracts from our depository. It is not large; but its members are active and deeply engaged in promoting its objects. Its funds are devoted to missionary objects in that State.

During the past year, a Convention of the clergy of our denomination in Maine was formed for the purpose of awakening in their respective societies an interest in the religious wants of the State. They have requested the Secretary to visit all their parishes, and form Associations, which are to be auxiliary to this Association. The funds raised by those Associations will be paid to our Treasurer, with the understanding that they are to be drawn out by the Standing Committee of the Convention for the support of missionaries and destitute societies in Maine. We rejoice at these truly Christian efforts of our brethren in the neighboring States. And we sincerely thank them for their sympathy and co-operation. Such efforts, beside building up the waste places of Zion, and improving the moral condition of others, will not fail to biess those who are engaged in them.

DESTITUTE SOCIETIES.

The more we have known of the peculiar wants and trials of destitute societies, the more desirous we have been of affording them assistance; and especially those which have the elements of growth, and consequently require but temporary aid.

Deprived as some of these societies are, particularly in distant places, of many religious privileges, surrounded by those who deny them Christian fellowship, in whose churches they cannot profitably worship, and whose ministers not unfrequently deny them a seat at the table of our common Lord, and refuse the waters of Baptism to their children, they deserve the sympathy and aid of the more favored societies;—of those whom Providence has blessed with the means of relieving the moral wants of their brethren. We hesitate not to say that it is a Christian duty to feel and manifest an interest in those of our faith who are thus situated. By the golden rule of our Savior, by our love for mankind, and our regard for their everlasting welfare, it becomes us to aid such societies in supporting religious institutions.

We have afforded aid the past year to twenty-one destitute societies. About half of these are in New England. The sums granted to each society were from fifty to one hundred dollars.

MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

The Committee, as they have become more acquainted with the moral condition of the country, and seen the good that has been accomplished by sending abroad able and devoted preachers, have been desirous of extending their missionary operations. And it will be seen from our Reports that within a few years the Association has done much more in this important field of duty than formerly. Four years ago we employed only two missionaries; the year after, seven; the year following that fourteen; and the last year twenty-three. This number may seem large to some. And we would remark, that the most of them were employed for short periods.—some for a month or two, and, in two or three instances, for single sabbaths. They preached in eleven States. Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Georgia, and Alabama. The most of them were men of experience, and well adapted to the work. They attracted large audiences, formed several societies, which promise to be permanent, administered the ordinances, established Sabbath Schools, and did much to comfort, strengthen, and edify the churches.

Among the places where they preached, are Houlton, Me.; Syracuse, Lockport, Lewiston, Pekin and Vernon, N. Y.; Philadelphia, and Erie, Penn; Marietta, Zanesville, Cleveland, and Toledo, Ohio; Detriot, Michigan; Owensburg, Ky.; Chicago, Peoria, Tremont, Jacksonville, Hillsboro', and several other places in Illinois.

The society at Augusta, Geo. has for some time been destitute of a clergyman. But we are informed that it is about being revived; and proposes building a new church the present season.

The society at Savannah, Geo. has much increased the past winter under the ministrations of Rev. Mr Thacher; and appears never to have been in so flourishing a condition.

The society at Mobile, Ala., is in a prosperous condition. The labors of Rev. Mr Simmons, its present pastor, have been peculiarly blessed. He has, indeed, met with much opposition, not to say persecution, from other denominations, but he has met it in a becoming manner; and with a strong conviction that he was proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus, preached with great earnestness and effect. His church has been crowded with deeply attentive hearers. And he has done much to promote the cause of truth and piety.

Our views have been embraced to a considerable extent in one of the Southern Colleges. Two of the professors have become deeply interested in them. One is the Professor of Theology; and preaches in the College chapel. He is a man of popular talents, and zealous in the cause; and will, no doubt, exert a powerful influence upon all who hear him.

The most important and flourishing societies in the West, are those at Buffalo, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis. Rev. Mr Elliot's society in the latter place has greatly increased since the erection of its church. A correspondent, after giving some account of the condition and prospects of that society, and stating that during the past year forty-three were added to the number of their communicants, and thirty-five to the Sabbath School, remarks thus; 'We have increased as a congregation, about one half or more. We have the best music in the city; and our oratorios for the poor this winter, realised $800. *I* am satisfied with this result, and *you* will be when you consider the wind and tide of prejudice that we have to contend with.'

The society at Chicago, Ill. has been prospered the past year. An impulse was given to it last summer by the labors of our missionaries, particularly by Rev. Mr Thompson of Salem. It has raised funds for the support of a minister, and provided a place for public worship. Mr Nightingale has been preaching there for some time to good audiences; composed mostly of enterprising young men from New England, who are disposed to make great sacrifices for the establishment of religious institutions.

The society at Hillsboro', in that state, continues to increase with the growth of the place. Rev. Mr Huntington still preaches there and in several of the neighboring towns.

At Cleveland, Ohio, there are a number of devoted Christians of our faith, who are extremely desirous of building up a society, and having a permanent ministry.

The society recently formed at Lockport, N. Y. promises well. It has as yet no church, but proposes building one the present season. Mr B. F. Barreit has preached there the past winter with great acceptance. He has preached, too, occasionally at Lewiston and Pekin.

At Syracuse, N. Y. a highly respectable society has been established, and a church erected under very favorable auspices. The Rev. Mr Storer, late of Walpole, has accepted an invitation to become its Pastor, and he enters upon that new field of duty with the prospect of extensive usefulness. All who have preached there have received very favorable impressions respecting the society. One of our missionaries writes thus: 'The society at Syracuse is flourishing beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. It is founded on the right foundation, and is strong in the affections of the people. The house is crowded with intelligent and devoted hearers, who appear to take a deep interest in religious truth, and to be desirous of illustrating its spirit. I have not known a new society to be more successful in its beginnings. It was perfectly delightful to preach to a congregation, that seemed to hunger and thirst for religious instruction, and who were so zealous to improve their opportunities of acquiring it.'

A much esteemed member of the society, in a letter to the Secretary, says: 'Our society continues to advance in strength, while opposed with the utmost vehemence. Indeed, we daily hear of attacks made upon us approaching to rudeness. Last Sabbath evening the house was so full that many could not find seats, and were thus compelled to leave.'

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INSTALLATION.

On Sunday evening last, Rev. Samuel D. Robbins, was installed as Pastor of the Third Congregational Society in Chelsea. The following was the order of services on the occasion:—Introductory Prayer by Rev. F. T. Gray; Original Hymn; Sermon by Rev. G. Ripley; Original Hymn; Prayer of installation by Rev. Mr Pierpont; Charge by Rev. Dr. Parkman; Right Hand of Fellowship, and Concluding Prayer, by Rev. H. Alger; Hymn; Benediction.

The exercises were excellent and were listened to with great interest by a large audience of various denominations from Chelsea, Boston, and the neighboring towns. The sermon was of the first order, from 2 Cor. x. 4. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.' It was an able defence of the power of the pulpit, and the efficiency of the Christian ministry prompted by the love of souls and sustained in a spirit of independence and self-sacrifice. The impression it has left upon all who heard it will not soon be forgotten.

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The North American Review speaks in the highest terms of a new Treatise on Arithmetic and Book Keeping, by George Leonard Jr. giving it the preference over its predecessors, for simplicity, clearness and practical character. With our reputation as a calculating and speculating people, we have the honor likewise of originating the best modes of discipline and instruction in that large department. Our farmers will not buy an almanac unless it has some puzzling sums and interest tables at the end of it, with which they may test the progress of their children at the free schools. Mathematical calculations, though one would think they had the least to do with individual genius, and lay open even to all degrees of common sense, have been shown by experience to be as distinctive marks of individuals as a taste for poetry and painting. To some boys, who are far from being dull, there is a witchery in arithmetical rules and processes which they can never fathom. We would fain ascribe this mysterious veil which has hung over numbers, to the defects of our old arithmetics, which, to say truth, seem to have been modeled after the old books of astrology. Therefore would we give all the aid which our commendation may afford to every new arithmetic, which simplifies and makes clear and practical the great science of numbers.

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It is known, we suppose to our readers, that Dr. Walker has for sometime contemplated leaving his parish in Charlestown to enter on another sphere of duty and usefulness. He preached his farewell discourse last Sunday, which was listened to, we are informed, with the deepest emotions. The society have addressed him a letter expressive of their gratitude, respect and affection, a portion of which we are permitted to publish.

*The members of the Harvard Church Society to their pastor, the Rev. James Walker.*

Beloved Friend,—We are sensibly aware that the time is at hand when the interesting and solemn relation which has for more than twenty one years subsisted between us in uninterrupted harmony, is to be dissolved, and that but a brief opportunity only is before us to address you again as our pastor, in any attempt we may desire to make, to give utterance to those feelings and sentiments which the idea of a separation excites within us.

Among the events which have transpired in the history of our connexion, those are most prominent which record your request for its dissolution, the subsequent proceeding in reference thereto, and our final acquiescence therein. To recur again, in detail, to the causes which induced your request, to the efforts which, on our part, were made to effect its withdrawal, or to the deep-felt regret with which it was at length acceded to, we deem to be, at this time, uncalled for, and unnecessary. They have become a part of our recorded history, and are still more deeply fixed in our hearts; and all that we would now ask as a privilege, or attempt as a duty, in the hour of separation, is gratefully and affectionately to present you our heartfelt thanks for all your past services, and our fervent prayers for your future welfare.

But this, though all that is now left us to do, we cannot find it in our hearts to do abruptly. The occasion which calls upon us for this parting address leads us irresistibly to a contemplation of the past, as well as our prospects for the future; and we would claim it as our privilege before we separate, to linger awhile around the happy scenes and pleasant associations which we have enjoyed together, and which are by this event brought so freshly to our remembrance. We would recal too for a moment, and not unwillingly, those hours of sadness and of sorrow through which we have passed in company, and recollect the voice of sympathy and encouragement by which they were mitigated, and made the messengers of good.

During the long period that you have been placed over this people, it has happened to us, as it happens to all; time has effected many changes and death has called away many from amongst us, while a steadily increasing population, together with that intellectual progress incident to a progressive state of society, demanding a religion whose philosophy addresses itself to an enlightened understanding, and whose requirements are in perfect harmony with the best feelings and affections of our nature, have added many to, and greatly increased our numbers.

Through all these changes, however, and the circumstance is worthy of our remembrance and gratitude, presenting to us, and to all, a happier commentary on your labors amongst us than we can find language to express, the tide of harmony has flowed on in an unbroken current. Peace has reigned within our gates, and prosperity has smiled within our borders.

But it has pleased Providence in its divine allotments, to indicate to you another sphere of action and of usefulness, which a sense of duty compels you not to disregard, and to call on us to consent to a separation which we continue to deplore with unabated sorrow, but to which a corresponding sense of duty urges us to submit.

In conclusion allow us to add, that we part with you, beloved pastor, and friend, in unbroken friendship and with undiminished esteem, in the fulness of Christian fellowship and love. Wherever you may go, may your ways be pleasantness and your paths peace. Whatever you may be called to do or to suffer, in what remains to you of mortal life may you always find your strength equal to every duty and to every trial.

And when at length your mission of service to humanity shall be fully accomplished, may your sun go down in smiles, reflecting its last rays over a life of unblemished integrity, and your ascending spirit meet the heavenly welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

## OBITUARY.

Died in Grafton, very suddenly on the 11th instant, Lewis G. son of George G. Carpenter, aged 6 years.

Thus quickly and unexpectedly, was this amiable lad—this youth of promise, snatched from the kind embrace of his parents. Only a few hours proviens to his death, he was fresh and blooming among his friends, and school mates. Little was it then to be youthful companions. Who among, us my friends, can doubt that one so innocent and lovely, reposes in the bosom of the Savior. May we not confidently hope that he was one of those little ones, whom Jesus assigns to the unmingled felicity of the divine kingdom? And if so, let his disconsolate survivors gather comfort from the thought, that their loss is his unspeakable gain. Let them bow their aching hearts in submission, upon the bosom of infinite love, and endeavor to say 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' 'Thou hast given and thou hast taken away, blessed be thy name.' Let it be their most constant, and fervent prayer, 'O Lord, sanctify this blow of thy providence to the spiritual and eternal welfare of our souls.' Under all their sorrows may they be consoled, enlightened and profited. Under all their trials may the Everlasting Arm be placed underneath their fainting spirits, to bear them up. And may the youth in the neighborhood where the deceased resided, be admonished to remember now their Creator in the days of their youth.

N. O. C.

## INTELLIGENCE.

*The Judge, the Sailors, and the Land-sharks.*—On Saturday Judge Story delivered an opinion in the Circuit Court in a case involving claims for salvage. The reporter for the Advertiser, alluding to the fact that some of the claims has been bought of the sailors on speculation, remarks:

Judge Story directed the clerk to take no *notice whatever of any assignments*, but to pay over the money in all cases to the persons to whom it was awarded, or those to whom they or their counsel requested it to be paid. His honor remarked, that seamen, of all men, were the most imposed upon, and their landlords and others would often contrive to cheat them not only out of their money, but also, and more easily, of any claims they might have for future remuneration. He did not know but the people who had obtained assignments in this case were honest enough, but his experience in like cases, and his knowledge of the character of seamen, made him distrust every thing of the kind; and induced him to make the rule inflexible, that money must be paid to the claimants themselves or to responsible members of the bar for them, or to the persons they directed at the time the money was decreed. It was whispered in the bar that many of these claims had been bought up for a mere song, and the clerk said he had received notice of three assignments that morning, one of them without any date.

Information having reached the War Department that certain persons on the southern and western frontiers are in the habit of visiting the Indian country, for the purpose of enticing the Indians to play at games of hazard, and thus deprive them of their property, and the means of gaining a comfortable subsistence, the Commissioner of Indian affairs has been directed to instruct the proper officers of his department to proceed forthwith to remove all such persons from the Indian country, and if necessary, to prevent their return by military force.

The late bequests of Captain Isaac Ross, of Jefferson county, Miss., and of his daghter, Mrs Margaret Reed, to the Colonization Society, are estimated at 200,000 dollars.

The value of real estate belonging to the Corporation of New York city is valued at 15,563,912 dollars 20 cents, besides the City Hall, Battery, Park, and other public grounds, estimated to be worth 7,663,000 dollars. Most of this property is rapidly improving and is not subject to city taxation.

*Iowa Marble.*—According to the Iowa Gazette, marble of a jet black colour, fine grained, and susceptible of a brilliant polish, has been discovered on the river des Moines. In the same quarry, which is large, are found masses of brown and others of purple colour. It is abundant and easily extracted from the quarry. In other parts of the state marble of various and beautiful colours and excellent quality has been discovered.

*Central America.*—The N. Y. Gazette publishes the following letter received by the brig Galen, from a gentleman in Central America.

GRENADA, May 13th, 1839.

SIR,—As the situation of this country is little known in the United States, and as the country is in an unsettled state, I will give you a sketch of its present condition. Costo Rica, Nicaragua, and Honduras, three of the six Provinces which constitute the Republic of Central America, have each declared their Independence of the Federal Government; and Nicaragua and Honduras have raised an army between them of 1,600 men, and invaded Salvador—that is, begun to enter the small towns and villages, committing many depredations. Gen. Morazan with an army of 1,200 men, Federal troops, gave them battle near San Vincente, when he completely routed them. Their loss was about 400 killed and missing, and the remainder have returned in disorder to their homes. Gen. Morazan was wounded in the left arm, and his troops are now commanded by Gen. Guzman, whose head quarters are in Ocoro, 8 leagues from St. Miguel. A new Chief has been elected in Leon, and we are in hopes that some measures will now be taken to put a stop to the war.

A French corvette is in Conchagua, which brought despatches from the consul General in Salvador to the French Cousul here, forbidding all French citizens paying contributions extraordinary to the State Government, or submitting to any exaction extraordinary of any description. The French authorities take a more independent stand than any of the other agents of Foreign Governments. Business in this province is miserable, all confidence lost, and the constant change of Governments and Chiefs, serves only to depress commerce, and ultimately must end in anarchy. A ship arrived last week in Rio Lejo, from Callao, the Captain of which reports that General Gamarra had left Lima, sick, for Arequipa. General La Fuente is left President pro tempore.

IMPORTANT TO STAMMERERS.

☞ The Philadelphia Institute for the cure of impediments of speech, will be opened in this city (Boston) for a short time only. Persons afflicted, desirous of availing themselves of its benefits, will please make immediate application. For admission, testimonials of good moral character will be required.

Communications, post paid, addressed to D. F. Newton, Christian Watchman Office, Wilson's lane, over Mechanic's Reading Room, will receive immediate attention. 3 t jy6

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 15, by Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Mr. Jonathan C. Woodman to Miss Sarah Ann C. Copland.

On Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr Richard Lang to Miss Eliza F. Coffin.

In this city, July 14, Mr James F. Bowes to Miss Sarah Lamprey; Mr George E. Russell to Miss Caroline Grant.

In East Cambridge, July 1, Mr Harvey M. Briggs to Miss Elizabeth H. Tates.

In Edgartown, Capt. Edwin Coffin to Miss Hannah Norton; Mr Alexander Fisher to Miss Sophronia Coffin.

At Newport R. I. 5th inst, Mr Nathaniel Fales of Taunton, to Miss Elizabeth A, doughter of Mr John A. Shaw of N.

At Bangor, by Rev. Mr Pomroy, Rev. Enoch Pond D. D. Professor in the Theological Seminary, to Mrs Ann M. Pearson.

## DEATHS.

In this city, July 14, Rev. Joshua W. Downing, late pastor of Bromfield Street Church; Mr John Howard, 44.

In this city, 12th inst., Mrs Mary, wife of Maj. Oliver Johonnot, 79.

In this city, 12th inst. Mr Enoch Glover, 52.

13th inst. at South Boston, Mrs Mary Adams, widow of the late Daniel Adams, and daughter of Richard Caswell, of Boston, 52.

In this city, July 13. Mrs Lucy Ann Tye, 47.

At Dresden, Me. 11th inst. Mrs Abigail Goodwin, of Charlestown, Ms. 79.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States, by Francis L. Hawkes, D. D., Rector of St. Thomas Church, New York. Vol. 2. Just published, and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. july 13

TRUTH MADE SIMPLE, by Todd—being the first vol. of a system of Theology for children. The character of God, by John Todd, author of the Student's Manual &c.

Just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE. & CO. 134 Washington Street. July 13.

ROLLO BOOKS, by Jacob Abbott.—This day published, the Rollo Library, in six volumes, bound in fine cloth, and numbered, vol. 1, Rollo Learning to Talk; vol. 2, Rollo Learning to Read; vol. 3, Rollo at Play; vol. 4, Rollo at Work; vol. 5, Rollo at School; vol. 6, Rollo's Vacation. This work can now be had uniform in size and style, and forms a capital present for young persons.

'We know of no books of modern times, which seem so well calculated to fix the attention of the youthful mind, at the same time that they act as a guide to truth and virtue, as the productions of Mr Abbott. His style is simple yet pure, well adapted to the objects of his writings—his descriptions are graphic and attractive—and the incidents which abound in his works, written for the juvenile portion of the community, are natural, but of a character to charm and interest the reader, while the author loses no opportunity to communicate useful information, or to inculcate lessons instructing in the great principles of morality and practical religion.'—*Mercantile Journal.*

july 21 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects.
Goethe's Faust, Hayward's translation.
Adcock on the Steam Engine 12mo.
Coleridge's Aids to Reflection.
Philidor on Chess.
Engineer's Common Place Book.
Hazlett's Essays and Sketches.
Bishop Andrews' Daily Devotions.
The Laws of the Papacy.
Barber's Version of the Minor Prophets.
The Black Book, an exhibition of abuses in Church and State.
Proverbial Philosophy, a book of Thoughts
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
jy 20

LAST DAYS OF THE SAVIOR.—The Last Days of the Savior, or History of the Lord's Passion, from the German of Olshausen. Mors Christi, vita Mundi. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. july 20

THE FOUR GOSPELS, with Notes, explanatory and critical; with a preface to each Book. By Alden Bradford, LL.D.

These Notes have received very favorable notices from many of our most literary periodicals, and they will be found a very useful Commentary in the private family or the Sabbath School. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. jy 20.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States. By F. L. Hawkes D. D. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. july 18

SCRIPTURE COMMNTARIES.—Henry, Scott, Clarke, and Doddridge's Commentaries. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. j 13

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.—From the German of Falk, Von Muller, &c with notes original and translated, illustrative of German Literature, by Sarah Austin—3 vols.

Just Received by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN. 112 Washington st. jy 20.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—The Black Book: an exposition of abuses in Church and State, Courts of Law, &c. 1 vol.
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Southey's Edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress: 1 vol.
Proverbial Philosophy, a book of thoughts and arguments, originally treated. By M. F. Tupper, Esq. 1 vol.
Shellevs' Poetical Works—3 vols.
Aids to reflection: by S. T. Coleridge—1 vol.
Daily Devotions and Manual for the sick, by Launcelot Andrews.
The Laws of the Papacy, by the Rev. Robert J. McGhee.
Philador on Chess, &c. &c.
This day received by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington St. jy 20

URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES AND MINES.—A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures of mines, containing a clear exposition of their principles and practice; by Andrew Ure, M. D.; illustrated with twelve hundred and forty engravings on wood: complete in 1 vol. 8vo. A few copies this day received by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. jy 20

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

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jy 20 is1aw6mo

MRS FOLLEN'S NEW BOOK.—Poems by Mrs Follen, author of 'Married Life' &c. &c.

'All who have read that exquisite production of Mrs Follen's—'Married Life'—must welcome with pleasure her new and beautiful volume of Poems. Her works are all replete with beauty, but none has pleased us more than this new volume of Poems.—*Country Paper.*

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NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—The Black Book, an exposition of abuses in Church and State, Courts of Law, Municipal Corporations, and Public Companies, with a precis of the House of Commons, past, present and to come.
The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs Shelley.
Aids to Reflection, by S. T. Coleridge, with the author's last corrections.
Philidor on Chess, edited by Geo. Walker.
The Engineer's Common-Place Book of Practical Reference, consisting of practical Rules, Tables, &c.
Adcock's Rules and Data for the Steam-Engine, Railways, Canals, &c.
The above valuable Books, just received by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington st. jy 20.

*REMOVAL.*

E. F. NEWHALL has removed to the spacious rooms No. 141 Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, and has just added to to his stock a large and splendid assortment of new *SHAWLS*, plain and figured Silks, rich Challies, Mouseline de Laines, Lace Veils, and other desirable articles, of the best styles.

☞ Purchasers will find at this establishment the largest and best assortment of Seasonable Goods in the city, at the very lowest prices, by wholesale or retail—for cash only.

jy 20 is4t

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—Poetic Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs Shelley. 4 vols.
Aids to Reflection, by S. T. Coleridge. 4th edition. Edited by H. N. Coleridge.
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Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, Dialogues, Poems, Songs and Ballads, in the above dialect, now first collected, with a copious glossary.
The Black Book, an exposition of abuses in Church and State, Courts of Law &c &c new edition.
Just received at TICKNOR'S. jy20

SCOTT'S PROSE WORKS, 27 and 28.—Subscribers to Walter Scott's Prose works, Edinburg edition, can procure vols 27 and 28, to match the previous volumes. These volumes contain Tales of a Grandfather, France.
Just received at TICKNOR'S. jy 20

TEACHER WANTED—To instruct the High School of Taunton;—in the Common English branches, mathematics and the Greek and Latin languages:—to commence on the 2nd day of September next. Applications (post paid) should be made soon.

ERASTUS MALTBY.
*Secretary of School Committee.*
Taunton, July 8, 1839.

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

## POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

### TO THE DEPARTED.

Sweet girl! we knew and loved thee ; and 'tis sad
To feel, that we no more shall catch thy glad
And ever-beaming smile, or hear the tones
Of thy so gentle voice ! Yes, it is sad—
Long has our spirit known the painful truth,
Which every changing hour corroborates,
That farest flowers are frailest :
And this heart, by circumstances schooled, has learned
To look with calmness on, and see them fade
And drop each after each into earth's arms.—
But when some wayward, fancy-prompted hand,
Snatches the healthful bloom, awhile to wear
Upon the passion-throbbing heart, then cast
As recklessly aside—or passer by,
In his unheeding course, strike the fair flower
From off its stalk, and leave it for a time
To strive with severed life, then cease to be ;
We own the anguish, we may not conceal :
And though firm faith forbid the murm'ring word,
And bid us bow and meekly kiss the rod,
Regret still claims its meed of gushing grief.—
Yes, lovely one, we mourn thee : not as those
Who have no hope, we mourn, for well we know,
That worth like thine, although no trumpet voice
Has breathed it forth on earth, has found its way
Far through the portals of the sinless world,
Nor would we call thee here again to dwell,
And taste anew the cup of bitterness ;—
Let thy freed spirit roam, onward, among
The blest emancipated host, that crowd
In daily passage to the better land !
And be it ours, while mourning o'er thy loss,
Patient to wait, and earnest to prepare
To join thee, when the whispered summons comes.

*Cambridgeport.* A. S.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

The following lines were suggested by a beautiful remark contained in an article, entitled 'the prophetic dew-drop,' which appeared, a few weeks, since in the Register.

'What withers on the earth, blooms again in Heaven.'

Those blessed hopes, most fair and bright,
Now merged in disappointment's night,
Shall wear a new and holier light,
And shine more pure in Heaven.

The smiles that cheered life's golden hours,
And shed their light o'er love's sweet bowers,
Though vanished now, like Summer flowers,
Shall beam more bright in Heaven.

The hearts, whereon our own could rest,
In grief less sad, in joy more blessed,
Though cold is now each faithful breast,
Shall love again in Heaven.

The flowers that, rich with dewy bloom,
Sent forth at morn a sweet perfume,
Though sunset lingers round their tomb,
Shall bloom again in Heaven.

No clouds in those fair skies are seen,
But suns are bright, and gales serene,
While living founts and pastures green,
Eternal, spring in Heaven.

Then breathe no more the strain of wo,
Nor longer let grief's teardrop flow,
For each sweet flower that droops below,
Shall, fadeless, bloom in Heaven.

*Taunton.* Y. L. E.

### THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

*'In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than Liberty.'*—MILTON.

WHEN the dance of the shadows
At day break is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the Sun ;
When he sinks in his glory
At eve from the view,
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
More proud than the sight of a nation when free ?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a circle of light
On the bosom of love ;
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky—
There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see
More proud than the front of a nation when free.

In the depth of the darkness
Unvaried in hue,
When the shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue ;
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sleeps on the hill—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when free?

In the breath of the morning,
When nature awakes,
And calls up the chorus
To chant in the brakes ;
In the voice of the echo
Unbound in the woods,
In the warbling of streams
And the foaming of floods—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see
Like the thrice-hallowed sight of a nation when free?

When the striving of surges
Is mad on the main,
Like the charge of a column
Of plumes on the plain ;
When the thunder is up
From its cloud-cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The paths of the deep—
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free.

### FIELD FLOWERS.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
When I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
What loved little islands twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore ;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CALAMITY OF EVIL REPORT.

[From Miss Sedgwick's 'Means and Ends of Self-Training.']

Sharp-sighted, what are called quick-witted people, are very apt to take pride in spying defects that are not obvious to common observers. Such keenness as this may sharpen the wits, but it hardens the heart and prevents the growth of that free grace, humility. Keep as sharp a lookout as you please, for good qualities, good deeds, and kind words, and be not like those who seem to prefer looking at the spots on the sun to enjoying its light. Those people who value themselves on their sharp-sightedness, are always on the lookout lest they should be duped, or as they express it 'taken in.' Better it is my dear girls, to be a dupe through life, than to be suspicious and distrustful of your fellow-beings. The credulity which has faith in goodness, is a sign of goodness.

Helen Prime is an example of a spirit of detraction very early developed. I never knew her confess a particular fault of her own, but she acts as if she were a public proclaimer, a town crier, of her acquaintance.

If she hears of Mr So-and so, a person of acknowledged benevolence, praised, she says he is benevolent to be sure, but I guess his left hand knows all his right hand does. Can any one tell me of his *secret* benevolence ?'

'Maria Hall,' Helen Prime says, '*seems* all goodness, but for my part, I would seem what they are. I detest fruit with a fair outside, and a hollow heart.'

'Lizzy Price,' Helen Prime says 'is devoted to her old disagreeable uncle—old, disagreeable and rich.'

'Yes,' says Helen, 'Eliza Ray has *very* good manners—in company. I have heard that some man said he could die like a hero, if there were people enough to look at him.' Helen fancies that what is unanswered is proved. It is difficult to specify Mr So-and-so's *secret* benefactions. Maria Hall's goodness is apparent to every one, but it is not easy to prove the assertion that she is hollow-hearted. Lizzy Price's uncle is undeniably rich, but no one but Helen Prime ever ventured to say, or I believe ever thought, she was the more devoted to him on that account.

Is Helen Prime, when she is thus expressing every evil thought that passes though her mind aware that she is violating one of the greatest commandments, bearing 'false witness,' and that for these pernicious words she must give account ?

If you would avoid Helen's cruel fate, keep the fountain pure, my young friend, '*think* no evil.'—Nothing enlarges the heart more than a generous faith in others. It has been well said, that 'faith in man is next to faith in God.'

Eagerly and thoughtlessly circulating evil reports is a great abuse of the tongue. When a disgrace befals a family, it is sad with what rapidity the report will fly through the circle of their acquaintance, of their friends; how strangers, who never heard of their names before, are now informed of every particular of their history, how their dishonor is dwelt upon with exaggerated, if not added circumstance.

My young friends, I trust you have as yet had little experience of this vice of human nature, and that you will be slow to believe that beings of the same family—for are we not brothers and sisters ?—are so hard, so cold, so incapable of sympathy.—Learn to put yourself in the place of another. This is true sympathy. And then, when a calamity befals your neighbor, if you cannot lighten it, instead of heaping fagots on the fire in which he is scorching, you will, in the retirement of your chamber, breathe a prayer for him. This is an office of love ; and remember, 'love is the fulfilling of the law !'

A melancholy instance of the cruelty of the circulation of evil reports occurred a few years since in the city of New York. A young man whom I shall call William Murphy, the son of a wealthy, conspicuous, and old inhabitant of the city, contracted an intimacy with a person of very captivating manners and depraved morals. William, young, inexperienced, and unsuspicious, was flattered with the attentions of this man, and was betrayed by him into many follies and sins. His father was immersed in business, his only sister was constantly in the gay world, attended by her mother, and none of William's family suspected the dangers into which he was led, nor did he the amount of them, until his bad intimate—friend I will not call him—was detected in cheating at a gaming table, and in forging a note, and obliged to fly from the city.

William Murphy had been tempted by this man to the gaming table ; he had suffered heavy losses there, and been led into other wrong doings. The knowledge of all this came like a thunderblt upon his family. They were overwhelmed with mortification and grief. William shut himself up in his room. The Murphy's were distinguished people ; nothing was talked of in the city so much as the disgrace of William Murphy. Every thing he had done, and much worse acts, which he had never done, were told and retold, and every idle word brought to the Murphy's, by people calling themselves 'particular friends.' Mr Somebody heard Mr Somebody else, who was very intimate with the Murphy's, say that he should wonder if William had not something to do with the forgeries !—The next person through whose hands the report passed, said William had something to do with them. And the next edition of the story was that William had actually received the money got by the forgery, and paid his gaming debts with it.

Oh, could those persons who thus talked over the calamities and disgrace of the son of their friend, as they would have discussed common news, have looked into the house of the wretched Murphy !—Could they have seen the father, pacing up and down his spacious apartments, his heart filled with grief and disappointment at the disgrace of his own son—could they have seen the mother rise from her sleepless pillow, with a sunken eye and fluttering heart—could they have seen the domestics removing again and again the untouched dishes from tables uselessly spread ; and, above all, could they have followed the sister to the room of that poor young man, and seen him, the picture of remorse and misery, while she hung over him, trying in vain, to convince him that his faults were not irretrievable, that the storm would pass over, and his father would again look upon him with kindness !—Think you if they had seen all this, (and with the eye of true sympathy, they might have seen it,) they could, by multiplying and aggravating evil reports, have multiplied and sharpened the arrows that were piercing the bosoms of this unhappy family ? Had they, by a generous effort of imagination, for one moment put themselves in the Murphy's places—had they imitated Him, who, without sin, was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, they would have been silent, or uttered only words of kindness. But alas ! alas ! they carelessly cast stones which were to inflict death !

'One of the two or three friends, who had brought in the flying reports, called at Mr Murphy's the second evening after the disclosure, and told him, as received facts, the rumors about the forgery. The moment the visiter left the house, Mr Murphy went, for the first time, to William's apartment, repeated what he had just heard, and demanded, in a voice almost suffocated with emotion, a confession of the whole truth.

'The poor young man had fasted for forty-eight hours ; he was weak and confused. The sight of his father, the anguish in his disordered countenance, and the anger flashing from his eye, deprived him of all use of his mind. He made no attempt to explain the circumstances alleged against him. Easy as it was, he did not see how he could extricate himself from suspicion. His faculties were suspended. He merely feebly asserted his innocence. This was afterwards proved beyond all question, and many circumstances came to light that alleviated the sins he had committed, but alas ! too late for this victim of evil reports. The morning after his interview with his father, he was found dead in his bed. An empty laudanum vial was by his pillow. Truly, 'there is life and death in the tongue.' I trust, my young friends, this story may awaken your attention to the subject of evil reports. It may be rare that such fatal injury is inflicted as in the instance I have related ; but if they do no other harm, they certainly harm your own souls.'

### BURIAL OF A HINDOO GIRL.

☞ The Oriental Annual for 1839 contains the following thrilling description of the Hindoo burial of a living girl, in the tomb of a dead lover :—

She was, consequently, now fully persuaded that he was dead—for at the first she had some doubts—even though she had been so many hours in the presence of his corpse—and the idea of being buried in the same grave with him, was to her a matter of rejoicing rather than of grief. For her, death had no fears, since the object of her attachment was no more ; and she therefore cheerfully resigned herself to the fate that awaited her.

That very afternoon the beautiful Pariah was placed in a hackney, with the corpse of the once young Youghal wrapped in a cerement. The doom pronounced against her was, that she should be buried in the same grave with the body of her lover, in the neighborhood of the mountain village where her father dwelt, and in which she was born. The persons who accompanied her had sufficient compassion to allow her to pass a few hours with her disconsolate parent, previously to being consigned to that tomb prepared for the reception of one for whom she had entertained an earnest attachment. She passed the night under the parental roof, and in the morning early, accompanied by those that had been appointed to conduct the interment of the living with the dead, proceeded to the place of sepulchre. It was at the foot of a lofty cone, which, rising among a cluster of small hills, lifted its proud head to the clouds, and seemed to stand there a monument of the stupendous exercise of Omnipotent power. The body of Youghal had been sent forward to this place of burial, and the unhappy victim of usurped and pampered tyrany was allowed to follow rather than accompany an object, which, though concealed from sight, was still loathsome to a more delicate sense, in spite of the cerement by which it was enveloped. The party slowly ascended the hill. In front was an official on horseback, who had the charge of conducting the melancholy business, attended on either side, by a man armed. The innocent maiden followed between two persons, likewise armed, who had neither respect for her sorrows, nor compassion for her condition. Having arrived in sight of the hill's base which had been fixed upon as a scene of cruel punishment, the party reached a rude wooden bridge, thrown over a gully, presenting a frightful aspect of turbulence and danger.

It had a steep irregular channel, through which the mountain current poured with frightful impetuosity, occasionally impeded in its precipitous descent by projecting masses of rocks and other impediments collected there in the more temperate seasons of the year, when during the prevalence of temporary storms, portions of the hill are loosened from their parent masses, and thrown into the water courses, then nearly dry, or only changed to shallow or more gentle streams.

The bridge consisted of a single wide plank of teak, about half a foot in thickness, and nearly two feet wide, sustained under one end by beams inserted in the inequalities of the bank, and affording effectual support to a rude fabric secured on the other side by two thin but strong upright poles, that kept it sufficiently steady to afford a safe but fearful footing. The torrent roared ominously as the procession passed over the bridge, which vibrated at every step. Mariatalla's father accompanied her to the gully, and then turned homeward from a scene of distress which he had not the fortitude to encounter. After a silent march of about two hours, the victim and her guards reached the place of interment. In a small hollow between two rocks a large deep hole is dug, about three feet square. Upon the brink was placed the corpse of Youghal, in a state of sickening decomposition, covered with a ragged pulampore. The wretched girl advanced to the side of the pit without shedding a tear, and strewing some flowers over the corpse, expressed her satisfaction at the privilege of being laid beside him in death, whom she had so fondly loved in life. Having completed the preliminary ceremonials, she desired that the ceremony might proceed. Her manner was solemn, though gentle, exhibiting a calm yet lofty determination, to meet death with the spirit of resignation, which best become beings who are born to die.

At length, declaring she was ready to suffer the dreadful penalty to which she had been doomed by an unjust and selfish tyrant, the body of her late lover was lowered into the sepulchre, and Mariatalla having again scattered some flowers into it, descended into the dreary chamber of death. Her dress consisted of a light vest of colored silk, under a loose flowing drapery of thin white calico ; her black hair was rolled up in a large knot on the top of her head, secured by a large brass pin, tapered and polished with gold. Upon her wrists she wore thin bangles and armlets of buffalo's horn. The tips of her nails were slightly tinctured with henna. Having been lowered into the vault, she seated herself upon a projecting ledge, purposely left in the head wall of the grave, and placed the corpse upon her knees. At the bottom of the pit a horizontal opening had been dug to admit the dead body, so that its legs were forced into the hole, and its head rested on the lap of its living companion. A few bamboos were now crossed above the latter's head, and fixed firmly in the side of the pit, upon whose slender beams the branches were thown, and a canopy being thus formed, which prevented the earth from falling in, the innocent girl was thus consigned to a living sepulchre, without one expression of sympathy at her horrible doom. The soil, from which the sun had caused to exhale every particle of moisture, was lightly strowed with the bamboos, at once covering the living and the dead. After the task of inhumation had been performed, the delegates of Vermakien left its victim to her fate, and returned to the capitol, where they announced the completion of their mission. Upon hearing it the counterfeit sovereign expressed his satisfaction with an oath little becoming the lips of a saint, but a timely bribe rendered his hearers deaf to so unjustifiable a profanation.

### GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF MR. ROSCOE.

[From Lord Brougham's 'Sketches of public characters.']

Mr. Roscoe was in some respects one of the most remarkable persons that have of late years appeared in either the political or literary world. Born in the most humble station, for his parents were menial servants in the fine country mansion which afterwards was his own, he had risen to the highest rank in a laborious and useful profession, having become one of the most eminent of the Lancashire solicitors—a class of practitioners distinguished among those of the kingdom at large, by great knowledge of their profession, and admirable skill in the conduct of their client's affairs. Struggling with all the disadvantages of narrow circumstances, and of an education necessarily restricted, he had not only accomplished himself in the legal walks of his profession, but educated himself in more classical studies, so as to have become a great proficient in pursuits, seldom, if ever before combined with the practice of an attorney. His taste was cultivated and refined by familiarity with Roman literature, and his mind was still farther enriched by a thorough acquaintance with the monuments of Italian genius. He devoted himself, notwithstanding the constant interruption of his business, to the study of all modern as well as Latin poetry ; and with the rare exception of Mr. Mathias, it may be affirmed that no one on this side of the Alps has ever been more intimately acquainted with the writers, especially the poets of modern Italy. The natural elegance of his mind, connected in a great measure with his honest simplicity of character, and the unruffled gentleness of his bland and kindly temper, was soon displayed in some early productions, among which his celebrated song on the early progress of the French Revolution, acquired the greatest reputation. But he united with the exercise of this talent, a love of historical research, and an exercise of critical power, which, combined with his poetical resources, and his knowledge of languages, to form in him the most accomplished cultivator of literary history that ever appeared in any age. * * * Athough it is by the productions of his pen that Mr. Roscoe's name has been made famous throughout Europe, yet were his merits and his claims to the gratitude of mankind of a more various kind. An ardent devotion from pure principles, to the best interests of humanity, was the unvarying and constant guide of his public conduct, as the most strict discharge of every duty marked each step of his walks in private life. A solicitor in extensive practice, he was the advocate of all sound law reform. An attorney in the borough courts, he was the stern, uncompromising enemy of chicanery, the fearless defender of the oppressed. A man of business under a wealthy and powerful corporation, he was ever the implacable denouncer of jobs and abuses. A confidential adviser among the aristocracy of the most Tory county in England, he was the most uncompromising enemy of tyranny, the friend of the people, the apostle of even Democratic opinions. A leader among the parties who most gained by the war, he was throughout its whole course a zealous preacher of peace; and, standing high among the traders of Liverpool, and at the head of its society, he was the unflinching enemy of the African slave trade, the enthusiastic advocate of its abolition. When he rose in fame, and throve in wealth—when he became one of the great bankers of the place, and was courted by all the leading men in its society—when his fame was spread over the world, and his native town become known in many remote places, as having given him birth—when he was chosen to represent her in Parliamant, and associated with the first statesmen of the age, this truly excellent person's unaffected modesty, his primitive simplicity of manners, never deserted him. As his rise in life had been rapid and easy, he bore his good fortune with an equal mind ; and when the commercial distresses of the country involved his affairs in ruin, the clouds which overcast the evening of his days, disturbed not the serenity of his mind; the firmness which could maintain itself against the gales of prosperity, found the storms of adverse fortune, though more boisterous, much louder in their noise, yet not at all deceitful, and really less rude in their shock. His latter years were passed in his much loved literary leisure—consoled by the kindness of his friends—happy in the bosom of his amiable family—universally respected by his countrymen—by all the wise admired—beloved by all the good.

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